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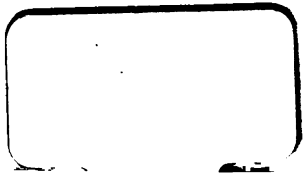

MAN'S

FIRST ESTATE,

AND

HIGH REVOLT;

A POEM,

IN TWO PARTS.

BY ZENAS CAMPBELL,

AUTHOR OF THE GRAMMATTICAL INTERROGATOR.

Raise and support what in me 's low,
Illume what in me 's dark,
Wisdom and strength to me bestow,
What else I need, impart.

PAGE VI.

NORWAY, ME.

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1828.

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Left by
David Mack,
9 Wellington Hill
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PROLOGUE.

Of heavenly spirits good and bad,
And their exploits cheerful and sad,
Of Paradise, man's blest abode,
Or blessed only while he stood
Upright, and was obedient found,
And how he fell from bless'dness down
To what a state, and brought us all,
Tainted with sin e'er since the fall;
I sing, by borrow'd notes 'tis true,
Yet mingl'd are with matter new,
And not like those so much complain'd,
Mine better are in mind retain'd;
Those richer are with language good,
Yet hard are to be understood.
Hard for the muse to sing of late
Matter untouch'd of worth or weight;
Then who can things the best compare
And paint in colors just and fair,
Shall share the favors of those nine,
So much renown'd in ancient time.
What tho' my song be not replete
On things beyond what scriptures teach,
Enough is shown to lead to more
Who would with candor ponder 't o'er:
Tho' none e'er sung things so remote
Beyond what Jethro's shepherd wrote;
With cautious steps I've ventur'd back
Beyond all musing poet's track,
And sung of days to nations all
Lost 'twixt creation and the fall;
And if I had all knowledge gain'd,
And the Pierian spring had drain'd,
Could not define them in my song,

But only this, that they were long:
Nor could I jar with sacred writ,
But do allow it every whit:
But God inspired no man to know
More than pertains to bliss or wo,
And this, in Genesis is mix'd
Inspiration, tradition 'twixt,
The same as now his servants preach,
By the same gift they write or speak
E'er since the fall, and men the same,
And God a God that cannot change.

LIVERMORE, April, 1829.

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While some of God, and some of man,
And some of Princes great,
Some of the sea, and some the land,
And some th' affairs of state,
Of winter cold or flow'ry spring,
The living or the dead;
In field or shade or mountains; sing,
By diff'rent motives led.
The task be mine, with stud'ous care,
To paint the fall of man,
The Paradise and Eden, where
The human race began.
'F his first estate and foul revolt,
And that forbidden tree,
Whose fruit, once tasted, single fault,
Brought death and misery,
Sing, Muse, that, on the sacred top
Of Sinai or Oreb,
Dids'st inspire that sheperd, whose flock
On either mountain fed;
Who early led the chosen seed
Out of a foreign land;
By miracles his people freed
From Pharaoh's vengeful hand:
In deserts taught the wand'ring tribes
How God from Chaos formed
This earth immense and flowing tides;
In six days all performed.

'R if Sion hill or Siloa's brook,
Thou'st more delight upon,
Thence, O Muse, thy aid invoke
To my advent'rous song.
But, chiefly, Thou, that dost prefer
The pure and upright heart
Before of'rings of balm or myrrh
Or blood of kid or hart,
Instruct me; for thou didst exist
Ere earth's foundation 's laid,
Sat brooding o'er the vast abyss;
Old chaos pregnant made:
Raise and support what in me 's low,
Illume what in me 's dark,
Wisdom and strength to me bestow,
What else I need impart,
Sing first of the auspicious place,
The first abode of man;
Where first began the human race
On strange and wond'rous plan.
Twas by the peaceful waters' side
Tigris th' Euphrates meet;
Four rivers broad in union glide,
Slow murm'ring to the deep.
This was the place that God assigned
For happy man to dwell,
And stored with fruit of ev'ry kind,
To fit his state full well:
And thus to him said Heav'n's high king,
"Behold the fruits for thee;
All these, henceforth, the earth shall bring,
Or plant or shrub or tree;

Behold the cassia, nard and balm,
A wilderness of sweets;
All for thy bliss and not thy harm;
Be these thy drinks and meats:
Nor heat nor cold hast thou t' fear,
Or tempest fierce or wild;
But all for thee is calm and clear,
A scene delightful mild:
All this thou hast at thy command,
These fruits ripe all the year,
All seasons, here, dance hand in hand
To soothe thy heart and cheer;
I, too, ordain thee lord of all
The creatures I have made;
Of all on earth both great and small,
Of all in field or shade,
Of all on earth that walk or creep,
Of all that sightless soar,
Or swim in ocean's briny deep,
Of all from shore to shore:
Eat, thou, of all my trees for food,
And thus thyself supply;
Except the one of evil and good,
Which if thou eat thou die;
Nor of the special tree of life,
Which close together stand;
Bear this in mind through all thy life
And keep my sole command."
All creatures, too, that e'er was known
In countries far or near,
In torid, temp'rate or frigid zone,
Were found together here:

Of beast and bird each had their mate,
And each their offspring bore,
Side by side the chat'rers prate,
And side by side they soar.
But Adam found for him no bride
To cheer his lonely mind,
So to the Lord he deeply sighed;
"No partner here I find."
So God all merciful and wise,
To man propitious seems,
In sweetest sleep closed Adam's eyes;
No doubt he'd pleasant dreams:
Then from his side he took a bone
And closed the flesh up there;
With skill divine, elsewhere unknown,
He made a woman fair.
He spoke the potent word, and Lo!
Forthwith came pretty Eve,
Her cheeks with crimson began to glow,
And vital air to breathe:
While thus she lay upon the ground,
Her first existing place,
She turned her wand'ring eyes around
And view'd the ample space;
And first she saw the lofty skies,
The ample ether clear,
On which she fixed her steadfast eyes,
Wond'ring, how came I here!
Until the birds of paradise
Began their blithsome lay,
Welcome Eve, none made, welcome thrice;
They all appear'd to say.

Thus tuned the birds each one his note
Eve saw their plumage gay,
And thus to them she softly spoke,
"What am I? tell I pray."
Then starting her own voice to hear,
Still more surpris'd to start;
As one who sees a viper near,
She sprang with palping heart.
Now when upon her feet she rose
She pensive stood and gaz'd,
And view'd the nectar, pink and rose
And then the beasts that graz'd:
She gaz'd on tree, on fruit, and flower,
And, "O fair plants," said she,
"Whate'er thy taste, if sweet or sour,
I'll give thy names to thee."
Then walking on in pathless way
As one bewildered quite,
And knew not where her steps to stay
Or how to guide them right;
But as she gazed on clust'ring fruit
That seem'd thus to invite,
She after some went in pursuit
T' appease her appetite.
Meanwhile Adam from sleep awoke
And knew what had been done,
For God to him in dream had spoke
And told him of this bone;
Who soon his dream all real found,
Waking, as in his sleep.
For straitway from the flow'ry mound,
Where rested then his feet,
He saw, near by, through myrtle grove,

The hyssop balm or reed,
A form much fairer than the rose,
'T was Eve herself indeed:
So walking on in silken path,
"Hail thou my bride;" said he,
"My other self and dearer half,
Bone of my bone thou be."
"Hail thou my lord," thus Eve replied;
With accents sweet and clear;
Her mien with modesty supplied—
Her voice engaging dear.
Thus hand in hand imparadis'd
They spent each day in mirth,
Evil, pain, death or warring strife
As yet unknown on earth.
O happy man, thrice happy thou,
Long might'st thou thus remain'd
If thou'dst obedient been, till now
Thy happy state retained.
Although thy days, as we've account,
Less than a thousand ran,
'Tis from thy fall, I ween they count,
When reck'ning first began;
For how could man, while yet upright,
Nor good, nor evil knew,
Know length of time, but day and night
Nor that he older grew:
Why should he count by years that life
Which knew no fear of end:
However old, e're gay and blithe;
Old age no furrows bring.
Then perchance he lived upright
Through years innumerable;

(Allow but this perhaps 'tis right,
If not, 'tis reas'nable.)
And fill'd the earth with nations great
Who happy were like him,
For ere he fell from that bless'd state
Not one could have known sin;
But would have fallen too, with him,
As those then unborn did;
What diff'rence, born or not, his sin
Involved all his seed.
For proof I bring, first, the short space
From man's revolt to Noah,
Too short to people ev'ry place
Lest they began before,
And that it was great reason 's found;
Even America,
Before by floods the earth was drown'd
On ancient Noah's day:
For here we find antique remains
Of forts and other things
Which plainly show it once contain'd
Nations, not Indians:
Then from the east they must migrate
O'er Asia's northeast bound,
So to this soil across the strait
Which at northwest is found:
Think not they'd leave their native land
Ere it was peopled o'er,
And stray far off in wand'ring bands,
O'er cold and frozen shore,
To search a new and unknown place,
No better than their own,
'T were but a hard and fruitless chase

To find what they'd at home.
Some reckon time by epochs four:
One is to come, three past,
Creation first, the flood of Noah,
Christ, and the end at last;
But why not one from creation,
A period long no doubt,
Up to Adam's first transgression
And from Eden driv'n out.
Many like these, if but permitted,
As who's the bride of him
That wicked fratricide committed,
The sad effect of sin:
But turn to rivers broad and deep,
And say how long they've run,
Through marble hard, some many feet
Their channels down have worn,
Or Sicily's volcanic mounts,
Where earth o'er lava 's grown
Seven times, as say correct accounts,
How many more, unknown;
The last of these, in thickness least,
Two thousand years have formed,
How many, then, to form the rest
Judge ye by reason sound.
But long or short, ah! sad for us,
He disobeyed the Lord,
Who wise created him from dust
And earth with creatures stor'd.
But say what caused them to revolt
From God their maker high,
And taint with sin, by single fault
All their whole progeny?

Th' infernal serpent; he I find,
  Whose guile with proud disguise
Deceived the mother of mankind,
  By his deceit and lies;
What time by haughty pride he fell
  With th' angels apostate,
And out of Heaven was cast to dwell
  In the ever-burning lake:
He with his rebel angels' aid
  Strove for supremacy;
Impious war in Heaven made
  Against God's monarchy;
Him th' Almighty head-long hurl'd
  From th' ethereal sky,
Down to perdition dark, the world,
  Where pain doth never die.
Nine days and nights, to mortal men,
  He, with his horrid train,
Lay vanquished in this doleful den,
  Confounded, with dire pain:
Round he throws his baleful eyes
  O'er scenes of black despair,
On all sides round the billows rise
  In floods of flaming fire:
Regions of ill and endless wo,
  Torture with endless pain;
Nor hope nor love can ever flow;
  But wrath and vengeance reign.
There the companions of his fall,
  O'erwhelmed with floods of flame,
He soon discerns, and to one calls,
  Beëlzebub by name.

"If thou beest he; but how defaced,
Who in the realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness
Didst outshine myr'ads bright:
If thou beest he; but how forlorn,
Who joined me once in bliss,
In equal ruin now art joined,
Doomed to such pain as this:
Though he with thunder stronger proved,
Well we sustained his powers,
Or had they not mountains removed
Vict'ry might have been ours:
But for nought his rage can inflict
Do I repent or change,
This steady mind within me fixed
Shall ever be the same.
What though the field be lost, not all,
Th' unconquerable will,
Prone yet t' revenge our dreadful fall,
Remains unshaken still:
To bow and serve him whom we hate,
With bended knee, were low,
An ignominy, indeed, too great,
To much thus to our foe;
But better let us hope henceforth
To wage by force or guile
Eternal war with th' 'eav'nly hosts,
That they 'll not reconcile.
Thus satan talking to his mate
With head above the wave,
His body prone upon the lake,
And eyes that sparkling blaze.

"Seest thou," said he, "yon dreary plains,
Forlorn and wild and waste,
Where nought but desolation reigns?
There let us tend in haste,
And fly these waves, a fiery glare,
That so incessant broil,
There rest, if rest can harbor there
On such deserted soil,
There reassemble once again
Our powers afflicted deep,
Why should they on the flood remain
And not with us retreat;
There we 'll consult how most offend
Our great grand enemy,
Or our own loss how best amend
If possible to be,
What strength from hope we may gain there,
If none from this be found,
What resolution from despair;
No doubt that will abound."
So said, forthwith upright he rears
From off the stygian pool,
Then with expanded wings he stears
Away from floods that roll,
Aloft incumbent on the air
That felt unusual weight,
Till on the plain he lighted where
Him followed soon his mate.
"Is this the region, this the clime?"
Said the last Arch-Angel:
"This the seat for us assigned
Instead of heavenly dale?

Is this the dismal gloom exchanged
For that celestial light?
Be it so, since he who now reigns
Can bid what shall be right.
Farewell ye fields, celestial light,
Where joys forever dwell;
Hail horrors, hail infernal sight,
And thou profoundest hell,
Receive us, thou, who bring a mind
Forever fixed in hate,
Not to be changed by place or time
Whatever be our fate:
Here though in pain we shall be free,
And may securely reign,
We 'd better our own sovereigns be,
Whate'er it cost of pain;
Who would not rather reign in Hell
Than humbly serve in Heaven,
And here in penal fire e'er dwell,
Than plead to be forgiv'n:
But let us haste and call our friends,
Th' associates of our loss,
From off the pool, where racked with pains,
By surging billows tost."
He said, and hasted to the shore
Of that inflamed sea,
With voice of anger belching tore
All Hell's profoundity.
"Princes, Potentates and Powers,
Warriors, valiant in field,
The flower of highest heav'n, once ours,
Now lost, to thunder yield'd;

Mammon ahead their leader went,
Who ere from Heav'n he fell,
His tho'ts and looks e'er downwards bent,
Peaking in ev'ry cell,
Riches or hidden stores to find,
But vain and paltry things,
And less admir'd the things divine
Than what the deep mine brings,
Or Heaven's pavements, trodden gold,
And more the splendid throne
Than him who sits thereon and holds
All pow'r o'er all his own:
Soon had his hasty num'rous crew
Opened a spacious hole
Into the hill where treasures grew
And digg'd out ribs of gold.
A second crew, nigh on the plains,
In cells prepared before,
That underneath had fi'ry veins,
Malleated the ore
A third as soon had from the ground
Formed a various mould,
And from the cells conveyance found
That fill'd it up with gold:
Anon out of the earth arose
Sudden a fabric great,
With pillars Doric many rows
O'erlaid with golden plate.
Meanwhile the heralds by command
Proclaim to ev'ry one
A council to be held at hand
At Pandemonium.*

*Satan's high capital.

Their summons called and they anon
Trooping by thousands came,
And all access completely throng'd,
No vacancy remain'd;
So thickly swarm'd the num'rous crew,
Until the signal shown,
Their giant statues smaller grew,
Till less than dwarf's become;
Numberless throng'd in narrow bound
Like that pygmean race,
Beyond the Indian mount is found
By forest fount or waste.
Thus when gigantic forms they'd shed
Sat numberless within:
After short pause and summons read
The great consult begin.
High on a throne of royal state
Satan exalted sat,
And to his fallen legions spake,
Proud speech, and erring that.
" Ye heav'nly pow'rs and Deities,
Though fallen and oppress'd;
Since now resolv'd our wo to ease,
I give not Heav'n for lost;
Since now tri'd in arms our pow'r known,
And known our weakness too,
That yet no less, this better shown
Will but our strength renew;
So what if now we try again
The tow'ring height of Heav'n,
With sword in hand and fi'ry flame,
Such as we here have giv'n,

And justly claim our native seat,
Our old inheritance,
Surer to prosper than retreat,
By more experience;
Or by some milder subtle means,
By fraud or false pretence,
If by arms it dang'rous seems
And costly the expense;
By what best way we now debate,
The better since we seek,
By war or guile this bondage break;
Who can advise, may speak."
He ceas'd, and Moloch next upstood,
The fiercest spirit there,
The fiercest while in Heav'n he stood,
Now fiercer by despair:
His trust was to be equal deem'd
In strength to the Eternal,
And rather than be less esteem'd
Cared not to be at all.
" My sentence is for open war
And not wiles less expert,
Then let those contrive who need, or
When, now things more alert,
For while they sit contriving thus
Shall armed millions wait
The signal to ascend and rush
Through Heaven's bar'd gate?
No, let us armed with flames of hell
Force our resistless way
O'er Heav'n's high tow'rs our foes compel
By harsh and bold essay:

Why should we waste our virtues here
In this approbious den,
And calmly thus submit, or fear
To claim our right again;
Let us firm united all ascend,
Nor hard is the ascent,
Our proper motions upward tend;
Hard forc'd was our descent."
With indignation these pronounc'd,
Advising to avenge,
Then ended, and his looks denounc'd
A desperate revenge.
On the other side Belial rose
More graceful and humane
In act, but fix'd in hate, as those
Who plead for war again;
He seem'd for dignity compos'd:
And his tongue Manna dropt.
Much reason in his speech he shows;
A fairer one fell not.
"I should be much for open war,
As not behind in hate,
If what was urg'd main reason for,
Of reason did partake;
By force of arms what can we hope
Against our great high foe,
Who once our ranks so easy broke
And wrought our overthrow;
With armed watch Heav'n's tow'rs are fill'd,
That shut up all access,
And thus the gates of heav'n are held
Ever since our egress;

Or could we break our way by force
And at our heels should rise
All Hell enrag'd and sally forth
To win it by surprise;
Yet Heav'n's king, our enemy,
Would unpolluted sit
Upon his throne in majesty,
Secure of victory yet:
We must exasperate our foe
All of his rage to spend,
And that must end us here in wo,
And be that our cure then:
Sad cure indeed, for who would lose,
Though full of tort'ring pains,
This intellect'al being, whose
Mind so firm remains:
Tis doubtful how he can do this,
Sure that he never will,
For since we now are cast from bliss
Ordain'd to endless ill;
Will he so wise let loose his ire
At once to grant our wish
And end us here in penal fire
Since us he spares for this?
We are reserv'd to endless wo,
What can we suffer more,
What can be worse to undergo
Than what we here endure.
Is this then worse, thus to debate,
Thus sitting, thus for fight,
Than when persu'd to heav'n's gate;
And foil'd our armies bright?

We then the deep of Hell profound
To shelter us besought,
Which seem'd a refuge for our wound
His thunder on us brought:
What if the breath that rais'd those flames
Again awak'd should blow
Them into sevenfold rage again,
The more t' increase our wo,
What if our foe, enrag'd again
Should turn all Hell to fire
And spout her cataracts of flame,
Impendent horrors dire?
We thus designing should be caught
In flames that sullen burst,
In tripple pains, thus doubly bought;
That surely would be worse.
Then all such acts better repeal'd
So dangerous to engage,
War, therefore, open or conceal'd,
My voice alike dissuades."
Thus ended he, Belial wise,
His speech with reason cloth'd,
Couns'ling less dang'rous enterprise:
And shortly Mammon rose.
"To disenthrone th' high King of Heav'n
Or there our right regain
We war, if unto war we're driv'n
To fly corroding pain;
Nor need we hope him to unthrone
Till everlasting fate,
At will by fickle Chance is thrown
And Chaos judge the scrape;

What rest for us in Heav'n can be,
Till we its king expel,
Which we must do or again flee
If but within its walls:
Supposing yet he should relent
And publish grace to all,
On these plain terms, if we repent,
And supplicating call:
How could we in his presence stand
To chant his praise in hymn,
And to his Godhead, we in bands
Forc'd hallelujahs sing;
While he, our envi'd sovreign sits,
And round his altar breathes
Ambrosial smells, and flow'rs shoot,
As do ambrosial trees:
This in Heaven our task must be,
And this our dear delight;
How wearisome to spend eternity
In worship t' whom we hate!
Let us content tho' rack'd with pain,
Our own sovereigns to be;
Nor yet attempt Heaven t' regain,
Or from this gloom to flee:
Why should we dread this gloom profound,
While often we have seen
Th' eternal king call darkness round
His throne and shut the scene,
From whence we hear deep thunder roar
As we remember well,
Say not elsewhere unknown before;
Heaven resembles Hell,

As he our darkness, we his light
Will imitate at will,
Make Hell as Heaven ere long as bright,
And riches more will fill;
For this deserted soil lacks not
Her hidden gems or mine,
Her bosom 's full, with min'rals fraught,
While we 've the art t' refine.
In length of time our torments may
Our elements become,
These pinching fires subside away,
Or less corroding burn,
And be as soft as now severe,
Our temper chang'd to theirs,
Remove our pain so keen felt here
While more of rest we share;
All things invite to peaceful ease,
And easy enterprise,
Then quite all thoughts of war we 'll cease;
Ye have what I advise."
Thus ended he advising peace
And pleased were they all,
Long had they toil'd, now glad to cease
And rest on desert soil.
Next to him Beelzebub spake;
With aspect grave he rose,
Who, rising, seems a pillar of state,
And thus his sentence flows.
" Thrones, virtues, Imperial pow'rs,
And denominations,
Offspring of highest Heav'n, once ours;
But now this desolation,

Or must we now these titles change,
And changing still be call'd
Princes of Hell, nor ever name
Heaven, since lost, at all;
For so the pop'lar vote inclines
Us to continue here,
And to compose our troubled minds,
Nor foe nor bondage fear;
Doubtless, while here we dream to live
Distinct from our grand foe;
Nor tribute pay nor praises give,
Nor high distinction show;
But are we not his captives still,
In strictest bondage chain'd,
Since by his wrath we 're doom'd to dwell
In mis'ry's black domains?
For he, still first and last will reign,
In height or depth, sole king;
Nor of his reign will be no end;
O'er Hell his empire bring,
And with his iron sceptre here
Rule us, his captives bound,
As with his golden, those who fear
And hymn his throne around.
Why then project we peace or war?
War hath determined us,
And fail'd with loss our pow'rs, therefore,
Why do we counsel thus?
No terms of peace vouchsaf'd or sought,
What peace to us thus bound,
But custody severe, dear bought,
In this dark gloom profound?

And what of peace can we return,
  Since doom'd to endless wo,
In endless pain forever burn,
  But hate and envy throw?
But let us find revenge though slow
  To check the conqu'ror's will,
And partly crop his conquest so
  By secret working ill:
Nor shall we need, with dire attempt,
  The walls of Heav'n t' invade
Which fear no seige, from harm exempt,
  Secure 'f assaults are made.
What if we find some easier way
  To some advantage gain?
There is another world, as say
  Ancient prophetic fame,
The happy seat of some new race,
  Created like to us,
Though less in pow'r and excellence,
  As formed from the dust,
But favor'd more of Heav'n's king:
  There let us bend our thoughts
To learn what creatures earth doth bring,
  What mould or substance wrought,
What their pow'r, and how indu'd,
  And where their weakness too,
What 's granted them, and what refus'd,
  How tempted best to view.
Though Heav'n be shut from outward foes,
  This place may be expos'd;
Or only guarded, weak, by those
  Who have it their abode:

Here perhaps may be achiev'd
Some advantageous act,
By sudden onset 'tis believ'd
We'd better them attack;
And either with the flames of Hell
To waste the whole at once,
Or to possess as ours the whole
And drive its owners hence;
If not drive them as we were driv'n,
Seduce them us to join;
So that their God who sits in Heav'n
May hurl them too in ruin;
This would surpass common revenge,
And interrupt his joy,
By this our foe partly avenge,
And this great work destroy:
When shall be hurl'd his darling sons
Headlong in Hell with us,
And curse their frail original,
So soon their faded bliss."
Thus ended he his counsel black,
By Satan first devis'd,
On whom all ill has since been pack'd,
Author of devilish lies;
For who but th' author of all sin
Could have such malice deep,
As to corrupt mankind and bring
Evil by subtle cheat,
And in one root confound the race
Of all mankind upright,
Turn Earth to Hell, like sinful place,
Done all their foe to spite.

This evil, bold design pleas'd high
All those infernal states,
And joy sparkled in ev'ry eye;
With full assent they vote:
Whereat to them again he spake:
"Well have ye judg'd indeed,
Well done, well ended long debate,
War ye 've renounced with speed;
Well now resolv'd on things so great,
Which from the lowest deep,
Will lift us up in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seat.
But first in search whom shall we send
To find this unknown state,
Who will his aid so dangerous lend,
In dangers thus so great;
What strength, what art can him suffice,
Who tempts with wand'ring feet,
The dark unbottomed abyss
Through regions dark and deep,
And through the palpable obscure
Find out his uncouth way;
Nor miss the road, but still be sure;
Who will attempt, I say?"
He said, and sat, nor further spake,
Waiting who should appear
To second, 'r oppose, 'r undertake;
But all sat mute with fear,
At length, Satan, with princely pride,
Conscious of highest worth,
Who now above his fellows vi'd,
These words thereat put forth.

"O Pow'rs of Heaven, once our delight:
Long is the way and hard,
That out of Hell, leads up to light,
Our prison nine-fold bar'd.
These pass'd, if any pass be found,
What shall receive him next?
Night's unessential void profound
His loss of being threats;
If from thence he safely escapes
Into whatever place;
Nor dangers there less him awaits,
Nor easier to pass
But I should ill become this throne
If aught 'f public moment,
In shape of dangers yet unknown
Could banish my attempt.
This enterprise I undertake,
And fear no hidden ill,
None shall with me of this partake,
For I forbid who will."
Thus saying, rose to stop reply,
Lest others now might choose
To go and earn repute so high,
Certain to be refused:
And all at once they rose around,
Thick as pillars of smoke;
Their rising so was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote:
And to'rds him bend with rev'rence prone,
Him as a God extol,
Nor to the Highest ever shown
More praise in th' heav'nly realm:

But all at once unite their glee;
For this their praise was shown;
That for their general safety
He thus despised his own;
For neither do spirits in Hell,
All of their virtue lose,
Lest bad men here should boast and tell
How good they sometimes choose.
Thus ended they their counsel dared,
Rejoicing in their chief,
And from debate they quickly part,
Seeking present relief;
While they to entertain the time
Till Satan should return,
Bent various ways the busy mind
To what best fits their turn.
Part on the plain in race contend,
As at the Olimpiah games;
Some round the burning lake attend
And view the angry flames:
Others in discourse more sweet,
Apart sat on a hill
In wand'ring thoughts more elevate;
Of Providence, fate, will,
Fore-knowledge, fix'd fate, and free-will,
Fore-knowledge absolute,
And found no end, but wand'ring still
In mazes lost complete.
Of good and evil argu'd they,
Happiness and mis'ry,
Of shame, passion, and apathy,
All vain philosophy.

Others four ways their flying march
Bend by four rivers broad,
Whose waters various four ways part,
And in the lake disgorge;
Abhorred Styx, the flood of hate;
Sad Acheron of wo;
Cocytus next, a river great,
That lamentations show;
Phlegethon fierce, a painful stream,
Whose waves of torrent fire,
Inflame with rage both sharp and keen,
In flaming sheets entire.
Far off from these a silent one,
Lethe its waters flow,
The river of oblivion;
Who drink forget all wo.
Meanwhile Satan, the old arch fiend,
A foe to God and man,
In high designs put on swift wing
To execute his plan,
And bent towards Hell gates his course
In solitary flights:
Sometimes he scours the right hand coast,
Sometimes the left he strikes;
Now shaves with level wing the deep,
Then soars aloft again,
Up to the fiery concave steep,
Still urging on amain.
As when a fleet far of descry'd
Seems haging in the clouds;
Yet swims on ocean's swelling tide,
With riging, sail and shrouds.

So seem'd far off the flying fiend:
At length Hell hounds appear,
High reaching to the roof extend;
Nor op'ning far or near.
And thrice threefold the massy gates:
Three folds were solid brass,
Three iron strong in solid plates,
And adamant the rest.
On either side the gates were plac'd
A formidable shape;
The one seem'd woman to the waist
But ended like a snake,
A serpent arm'd, arm'd with mortal sting:
About her middle parts,
A cry of Hellhounds never ceasing,
Forever hid'ous bark,
Yet when they list, would creep or fare,
If aught disturbed them,
Into her womb and kennel there,
Yet bark and howl within.
The other shape stood black as night,
Fierce as ten furies dark,
As terrible as Hell, at sight,
And shook a dreadful dart;
What seem'd his head the likeness of,
A kingly crown had on,
The king of terrors dread he was,
And crown'd o'er ev'ry one.
Nearer now the fiend approach'd,
And lo! the monster show'd
More horror, as his looks bespoke;
Hell trembled as he strode.

Th' undaunted fiend what that might be
Admir'd, admir'd, not fear'd,
Except God and his Son only
He shunn'd or ever car'd;
And soon these words disdainful spake:
"Whence and what art thou,
Thou horrid execrable shape,
With miscreated brow,
How dost thou dare to thwart my path?
To yonder barr'd gates, see,
Through them, be sure, I mean to pass
Without leave ask'd of thee;
Back, or taste thy folly, too late,
And learn by proof, Hell born,
Not to contend with spirits great
That highest Heaven adorn."
To whom the goblin soon repli'd,
With wrath and vengeance fill'd.
"Art thou that traitor angel proud,
Fall'n, adjudg'd to Hell,
Who first broke peace and faith above,
Unbroken till by thee,
And into hate thus changed love,
Which wrought thy misery,
And drew a third of Heaven's sons
In proud rebellious fight
After him, nor the vict'ry won,
But cast from realms of light,
And now are here condemn'd to waste
Eternal days in pain,
And with spirits of Heaven reck'nest
Thou thyself again,

Hell-doom'd and breath'st defiance here,
And scorn where I reign king,
And to increase thy rage and fear
I am thy Lord and King?
Back to thy punishment in haste,
And to thy speed add wings,
Lest I peruse thy ling'ring pace
With whip of scorpion's stings,
Or with one stroke of this my dart
Strange horror dire sieze thee,
And pangs unfelt before whose smart
Shall thy destruction be."
So spake the horrid grisly form
That in so threat'ning grew
Tenfold more dreadful and deform'd
And black and angry too:
Satan unmov'd, on th' other side,
With resolution firm,
Incens'd with wrath, unterrifi'd,
And like a comet burned.
Now each levell'd his deadly blow
Each at the others brain;
Their hands intend no second throw,
At one the vict'ry gain;
Such a frown each on th' other brought,
As when two clouds heavy
With Heav'n's dread artillery fraught
Come rattling o'er the sea,
And frontinling stand, hov'ring afar,
Till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in air,
And thunderbolts to throw:

And now great deeds had been achiev'd,
Whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the snaky form perceiv'd
Th' intent of her grim son,
And with outcry most hideous
Now rising from her seat,
And suddenly between them rush'd
And thus began her speech:
In time to check their horrid plans,
And evil soon to come.
"O Father what intends thy hands
Against thine only son?
Why fierce, O Son, to bend thy dart
Against thy Father's head,
Or know'st thou not from whence thou art?
He is thy sire," she said.
So spake the portress of Hell's door,
Who kept the fatal key,
At which the hellish pest forebore;
And Satan thus said free:
"So strange thy words thus interpos'd,
My hand prevented spares
To tell thee yet by fatal blows
What it intends, and where;
Till first I knew or heard of thee,
Hateful as penal fire,
Thee in this horrid vale I see;
First met thou call'st me sire,
And this phantom thou call'st my son,
I know thee not," said he.
"Nor saw sight more detested one,
So foul as him and thee."

To whom the double form'd replies.
"Hast thou forgot me then?
And do I seem so foul t' thy eyes,
Once deem'd so fair in Heaven?
When in th' assembly and in sight
Of all the seraphim,
Combin'd with thee to boldly fight
Against Heaven's high king;
And suddenly, pain thee surpris'd
Thine eyes in darkness swam,
Thy head flam'd thick, and dim thine eyes
And from it thence I sprang:
Amazement seiz'd the shining crowd;
Unknown was such a thing;
Back they recoil'd, and shouting loud,
Afraid, they call'd me SIN,
But more familiar grown, I pleas'd
And won the most averse,
But chiefly thee, who in me seest
Thine own image, I first;
Who enamor'd with me became,
Such joy with me perceiv'd
In secret, then, now sad to name,
That in my womb conceiv'd.
Meanwhile dread war in Heaven arose
And fields were fought and lost,
And vict'ry left to our high foes
And we from Heav'n were cast;
I also, as their enemy
Fell from the pitch of Heav'n,
At which time this powerful key
Into my hand was given,

With charge to keep the gates of Hell
Forever shut secure,
As here forever doom'd to dwell,
Ever in pain severe:
Pensive here I set alone,
Not long, for soon my womb,
Pregnant by thee, excessive grown,
Felt rueful motion soon;
At last this odious offspring bore,
Thine own begotton son,
Tore from my womb with pain and fear;
And I transfor'd become;
But he my inbred enemy
Came forth arm'd with his dart,
Made to destroy his mother, me:
I fled and cried out DEATH!
Hell trembl'd at the hideous name,
And sigh'd from all her caves,
And back resounded Death! The same
Resound the fiery waves.
I fled, but he pursued with rage,
Though less with rage than lust,
And me soon overtook dismay'd
And in embraces curst,
Forcible and foul with me
Engend'ring, of that rape
Begot these yelling hounds you see
Surround me at the gate.
But, O Father, I forewarn thee
To shun his deadly dart,
For save who reigns eternally
None can resist his dart."

She finish'd, and the fiend soon learn'd
His love, and milder grew,
And his rough speech now smoother turn'd
To calm; and answer'd anew.
Dear daughter, since sire thou call'st me,
And my fair son here show'st,
Dear pledge, of dall'ance had with thee
In Heaven, and joys thou know'st
Once sweet, indeed, now sad to name,
Thro' dire change unforeseen
Befallen us unthought of came;
Too late now learn'd it seems;
Know then I come no enemy;
But, from this doleful den
'Tis to bring out both him and thee
And all our host again;
From them I go this errand sole,
Myself expos'd for all,
To find a place long since foretold,
A round and earthly ball,
A place of bliss, with creatures fill'd;
Who dream of nought but bliss;
So ancient fame the Heavens fill'd,
I go in search of this:
This found shall soon return well pleas'd,
And bring ye to the place
Where Thou and Death shall dwell at ease
All things shall be your prey."
He ceas'd for both seem'd highly pleas'd,
And Death grinn'd less sour,
And bless his maw the coming feast,
Destin'd to that good hour;

Nor less was pleas'd his mother, Sin,
And thus bespake his sire:
"By the command of Heaven's king,
When first we felt his ire,
The key of this infernal place
I keep by due command,
Forbidden to unlock the gates,
Unmov'd but by my hand:
Against all force Death ready stands
His fatal dart to strike;
Nor overmatch'd by Hellish bands;
Fearless of living might;
But what owe I to his command,
Who hates me from above;
Why hesitating longer stand;
My author more I love;
Thou art my sire, my father dear,
Thou my being gav'st me,
Whom then should I rev'rence and f
Or who obey but thee?
To that new world the happy land,
Thou wilt conduct me then,
Where I shall reign at thy right hand,
Thy darling without end."
Thus saying from her side she took
Th' infernal instrument,
At which the depth profoundly shook
As tow'rds the gate she went.
Then in the key hole turns the key,
Unfast'ning ev'ry bar,
And ev'ry bolt with ease set free
For Satan's flight afar;

When on a sudden open fly
Th' infernal massy gates,
On iron hinges jarring fly
And hard harsh thunder grates.
She open'd wide the doors of pain;
But t' shut excell'd her pow'r:
The massy gates open remain
E'er since that fatal hour.
Into the seerets of the deep
Satan now stood and gaz'd;
Into th' illimitable heap
He stood and look'd amaz'd;
An ocean dark and without bound,
Without dimensions spread;
Nor height, nor length, nor depth is found;
A wild confusion dread;
Where eldest Night and Chaos old,
In this confused sea,
The ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy.
At last his sail-broad vans he spread,
Preparing for his flight;
Upwards through surging smoke he fled
Towards the realm of light;
Thence he, ascending many a league,
As in a cloudy chair,
Rides boldly on, with winged speed,
Through water earth or air;
But this failing, his course soon stops,
Flut'ring his pennons vain,
Plumb down ten thousand fathoms drops
Into the abyss again,

And had been falling to this hour
  Had not by some ill chance
Th' rebuff of some tumultuous cloud
  Aloft hurried him thence:
That fury stay'd, left him again
  In boggy syrtis quench'd,
Nor sea, nor good dry land, nor plain,
  Nor rock with ocean drench'd:
Nigh found'red on he fares again,
  Half flying half on foot,
With oar and sail he tugs amain,
  Nor one recourse forsook.
So earnest he pursu'd his plans
  O'er bog, or steep, through straits,
Rough, dense or rare, with head or hands,
  Wings or feet, upwards makes:
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps,
  Or walks, or crawls, or flies;
At length a hubbub wild he meets,
  And stunning sounds and cries:
Thither he hasted soon too meet
  Whatever power there dwelt
That might direct his wand'ring feet
  To th' nearest coast of light;
When straight behold old Chaos' throne
  And sable vested Night's,
Orcus and Ades there were known,
  And Demogongon dread,
Rumour next and Chance were found,
  Tumult and Confusion,
Prattle next, wide spreading round,
  Rupture and Intrusion,

And discord with ten thousand mouths,
Each varying from the other,
All embroil'd, confusion wrought,
Nor one regard the other:
'T whom Satan, turning, boldly thus:
"Ye pow'rs, thus far from light,
Spirits of this nether abyss,
Chaos and ancient Night,
I come no spy, your realm t' explore,
But by constraint I stray
Your dark and dismal region o'er,
Half lost t' inquire my way;
'T is through your empire up to light,
I go to find the place
Th' eternal King, with matchless might,
Nor from your sable space,
Direct my course and I reward
You with your right again;
No mean recompence t' reward
What from you once was gain'd."
Thus Satan, and thus th' Anarch old,
With visage incompos'd
Fault'ring, with feeble speech less bold,
Answer'd in rhyme or prose.
"I know thee, stranger, who thou art,
That mighty chief Angel,
Who warred against Heaven of late;
Though overthrown, thou fell:
I here upon my frontier bound
Keep my old residence,
Where endless wars 'circle me round,
Wars of these elements;

First Hell your dungeon streach'd beneath,
Then Heav'n and th' earthly frame,
Another world hung o'er your realm,
Link'd in a golden chain.
To that side Heav'n from which you fell,
With all your legions foil'd,
And out of Heav'n thrust down to Hell
Where long in chains they 've toil'd;
If that way be your present aim,
You have not far indeed;
Havoc and spoil to me are gain,
So onward go and speed."
So ceased he, nor Satan more,
But soon prepar'd to flee;
Glad that his sea should find a shore,
Fled with alacrity:
Up like a pyramid of fire
Into the wild expanse
He sprang on wings, still bounding higher
Through Night's empire immense,
And through the fighting elements,
With danger hard beset,
He wings his way through thick and thin,
Through hot, cold, dry or wet:
But he, once past, foul spirit first,
Soon after when man fell,
Strange alt'ration! since man war caus'd
Both Sin and Death from Hell,
Amain following Satan's track,
Such was the will of heav'n,
Pav'd a broad and beaten way
Through Night's empire unev'n,

And o'er the dark and gloomy stench,
Whose boiling gulf endur'd
Tamely a bridge of wond'rous length,
From Hell to this frail orb.
At length the sacred influence
Of light from Heav'n appears,
And far into the gloom immense
Sends forth its smiling cheers;
Here Nature first begins to dawn,
And Chaos to retire,
Approaching light, as smiling morn
Begins its wide empire.
Satan, now, like vessels at sea,
O'er-watch'd and weather-beat'n,
But near at land their dangers flee
At mountain waves retreating,
Swims in a milder atmosphere,
On calmer air upborn,
And gladly holds the port so near,
Though shrouds and tackle torn:
Or, in the emptier waste aloft,
Weigh his spread wings so ev'n,
At leisure to behold, far off,
Th' imperial walls of Heav'n,
Extending wide its farthest bound,
With awful tow'rs and steep
Undetermin'd square or round,
Once his dear native seat;
Fast by hung 'n a golden chain
This pendant earth, and soon
Were seen the other starry train
Around the opaque moon:

Thither full fraught with glaring lies
And miscievous revenge,
In an accursed hour, he lies
To ruin happy man.—
Now had th' Almighty, from above,
From his imperial seat,
Bent down his eye, with heav'nly love,
To view his works complete;
About him all the sanctities
Of Heav'n, as stars thick stood;
And from his sight constant receiv'd
Their ev'ry perfect good:
Upon the right hand of his throne
There sat his only Son,
Bright image of his glory shone,
Blessed and holy one;
Our two first parents he beheld
In th' happy garden plac'd,
Reaping the fruits of joy unquell'd,
Unrivall'd bliss and grace:
He then survey'd deep Hell profound
And next the gulf between,
And Satan there, coasting around
The walls of Heav'n was seen,
And ready now, with malice deep,
To stoop on this new world,
With wearied wind and willing feet,
With wearied wing unfurl'd:
Him God beholding from on high,
And to his Son thus spake,
Foreseeing from eternity
Things all both small and great:

"Seest thou," said he, "what desp'rate rage
Transports our adversary?
Whom not the bounds of Hell prescrib'd,
Or Hell itself so dreary,
Nor yet the main abyss of night,
Nor chains upon him heap'd,
Or aught can interrupt his flight,
So bent on mischief deep;
And now broke loose through all restraint,
Not far from Heav'n he flies,
Towards the earth his course is bent,
Frought with deceit and lies,
With evil purpose to pervert
Man happy planted there,
By force, or worse, by guile covert
To lay an evil snare,
And shall pervert unwary man,
For he will hearken to him,
And will transgress my sole command
And fall, tainted with sin;
He and his faithless progeny:
Whose fault? Whose but his own?
What though I knew, not my decree;
As certain unforeknown:
Ingrate, indeed, he had of me
Each needed thing he could;
I made him just, and right was he,
Sufficient to have stood;
Thus at his will left free to fall,
Or free to stand at will;
Such I th' spirits created all,
Both those that stood or fell

Freely they stood who stood at all,
And freely fell who fell,
Not free, how could I on them call
For their free service well?
Or what proof they have giv'n sincere
Of true allegiance,
Constant faith or love so dear
If only by constraint?
Not what they would but what they must,
Not me then would they serve;
But their necessity, and thus
What praise would they deserve?
Of what pleasure then could I partake
From such obedience paid,
If will and reason, bound in fate,
His certain faith has made?
Nought in their maker to accuse,
Their making or their fate;
As if fix'd fate for them doth choose
On absolute decree:
Their own revolt themselves decreed,
Their own folly, not I,
Not I ordain'd it so to be,
Or my foreknowledge high;
What though their fate I did foreknow,
Foreknowledge had no influence
Upon their fault to work their wo,
Which unknown, no diff'rence;
I must have made him free to fall,
Or else not free to serve;
Not free to serve, couldn't serve at all,
Nor from me could he swerve;
If I had bound him by decree

To keep that law divine,
Then *I* should have kept it, not he,
Which was *his* charge, not mine;
The first sort, high in Heav'n rais'd,
Fell by suggestion vile,
Their own, self-tempted, self-deprav'd,
Man falls by their deep guile:
Man, therefore, shall find grace,
If the other sort find none,
Mercy and justice to his race
Ever henceforth be shown."
Thus while God spake t' his only Son,
Embrosial fragrance fill'd
All Heav'n, that now harmonious rung
With notes of new joy swell'd:
Beyond compare the Son of God
Most glorious was seen,
And love divine he shed abroad
Man's fallen race to screen,
While in him all his father shone
Full in celestial state,
Brightest of all around the throne,
These words thereat thus spake:
"O Father, gracious was that word
That clos'd thy sentence last;
'Man shall find grace,' delightful heard,
Delightful sound since past,
For which both Heav'n and earth henceforth
Shall high extol thy praise,
All pow'rs, in hymn or song, in both,
Shall sing thy wond'rous ways;
Wherewith thy throne encompass'd round
Shall sing thee ever bless'd,

Eternal praise to thee redound
By ev'ry tong express'd:
Should man thy creature, hate so lov'd,
Fall circumvented thus,
By fraud or guile, by satan mov'd?
Far be from thee I trust;
Or shall he thus obtain his end,
And that so frustrate thine?
Shall he fulfil his malice then
In his audacious crime?"
To whom the Father, Prince of light,
Maker of all, "O Son,
In whom my soul hath chief delight,
Thy thoughts and mine are one;
All thou hast said is as my thoughts,
All as I have decreed;
Man has his own destruction bought
And tainted all his seed.
Man shall not quite be lost by sin
But sav'd who will eternally,
Yet not of will alone in him
But by free grace in me;
I will renew his lapsed pow'rs,
Though forfeit, and enthrall'd
By sin to ill and foul desires;
By grace unask'd uncall'd:
Upheld by me once more shall stand,
Renew'd by grace alone,
Against his foe with even hand;
From me receiv'd shall own:
Some chosen of peculiar grace,
Elect above the rest;

So is my will, a favour'd race,
  Favour'd of Heav'n and bless'd;
The rest shall hear the call I make
  To shun the sinful road
And oft be warn'd their sinful state
  T' appease th' incensed God,
And I will clear their senses dark
  And give them strength to pray,
Soften the hard and flinty heart
  To seek the better way;
To prayer mine ear shall not be slow,
  Nor shall mine eye be shut,
And those who strive sincere to know,
  I will impart to such,
And my umpire, conscience, will light
  Within them as a guide,
Which if they hear, light after light
  Well us'd they shall attain.
This, who neglect, my day of grace,
  What can I offer more?
The spring, life shall never taste,
  But hard and blind, be more,
That they may stumble on and fall
  Deeper in death and sin,
And none but such exclude at all;
  Who will may enter in.
But all is not yet done, for he
  By willful act of sin
Disloyal breaks his fealty
  And sins against Heav'n's high king,
Affecting godhead, losing all;
  Nor has he wherewith left
To expiate his dreadful fall;

But straight must suffer death:
So die he must or justice die,
To ruin swift devote,
He and his whole posterity;
Severe but just the stroke,
Unless some one able be found,
Able and willing too
To pay the debt for man undone
And die his state t' renew.
Say, Heav'nly Powers, where shall we find
Such law, such charity,
Which of ye will redeem his crime,
Made flesh for him and die?"
He ask'd, and paus'd; but all were mute,
And silence was in Heav'n;
In man's behalf none undertook,
Or offer'd to be giv'n.
And now without redemption found,
Mankind had all been lost,
In sin and death forever bound,
And doom'd to Hell at last,
Had not the Son of God, so free,
In whom the fullness dwells.
Of love divine and charity,
His sacred speech renew'd.
Father, thy sovereign word is past,
Man shall find grace thou say'st
And shall not grace find means at last
To save his guilty race,
Thy messenger 'f swiftest sort
That freely comes to all,
To all comes unemplor'd, unsought,
Without his wish or call:

Happy for man so coming meet,
Once dead and lost in sin,
He her aid can never seek,
Or satisfaction bring:
Lost and indebted cannot live;
For him behold me then,
Me for him, life for life I give,
My life for his-I lend;
Account me man, I for his sake,
Thy bosom dear will leave,
And of his nature will partake,
And die for him well pleas'd,
On me let Death wreck all his rage,
For in his gloomy grasp
I shall not long be vanquish'd laid,
But rise and reign at last;
Death his death wound shall then receive
And stoop inglorious,
'F his mortal sting disarm'd, perceive
He 's not victorious:
I through the air with vict'ry crown'd
Shall lead then captive Hell,
And show the pow'rs of darkness bound;
While thou art pleased well,
And looking down smile at the sight
To see thy foes destroy'd;
Death last disrob'd of all his might
And of his sting disarm'd:
Then with the multitude of mine
Long absent enter heav'n,
Before thy court's propitious shrine,
Redeem'd by grace free given."

So ended he his sacred speech
In the Heav'nly courts above;
Yet silent spake his aspect meek
And breath'd immortal love:
Admiration seiz'd all Heav'n then
What these strange things might mean,
And wand'ring much whither might tend,
For strange to them they seem;
But soon th' Almighty thus reply'd,
"O thou, in Earth or Heav'n,
The only peace for wrath apply'd,
The only ransom giv'n:
Well thou know'st how dear to me
Are all that I have made,
Nor man the least, last formed he,
And likeliest to fade,
That for him thee his head I stile,
Spare thee from my right hand,
To save by losing thee awhile;
The whole race else were damn'd:
Be thou made man 'mongst men on earth.
Their nature join to thine,
When time shall be by wond'rous birth
Of virgin seed divine.
Be thou, indeed, in Adams' stead,
A light to ev'ry one
Of all mankind be thou the head
And thou be Adams' son.
As in him all mankind have died
In consequence of sin,
So in thee all be made alive
Who have thy grace within.

In thee, as from a second root,
Shall be restor'd who are,
Without thee none. To thee who look
Not one wilt thou debar,
So man shall satisfy for man,
For him be judg'd and die,
Shall die for him, what of him can;
And dying, rise on high;
Nor long subjected to the tomb;
But rising with him raise
His ransom'd brethren dear with him
To sing immortal praise.
All pow'r supreme I give to thee,
And reign forever thou,
And thou his head supreme shalt be,
All knees to thee shall bow.
When all of thee shall be fulfill'd
And time no longer be,
Thou shalt appear to Judge the world
In power and majesty:
And from thee send th' Arch-Angels high,
Sounding their trumps before,
And in mid Heav'n aloud shall cry
That time shall be no more;
Proclaiming thy tribunal dread,
When forthwith from all winds,
The living and the cited dead,
From earth's remotest ends,
Shall hasten to thy gen'ral doom
Arous'd by such a peal;
Nor clods of earth nor yet the tomb
No more their dead conceal.

Then all thy saints assembled, when
  Thy sentence they shall hear,
Bad men and Angels tremble then
  At theirs pronounc'd severe.
Meanwhile the world with fire shall burn,
  And from her ashes shall
New Heav'n Earth, created, come,
  Wherein the just shall dwell,
And after tribulations long,
  At length see golden days;
With joy and triumph sing the song
  Of everlasting praise.
But all ye gods adore the Son,
  Who dies for man so free,
Ye Angels praise him ev'ry one
  And honor him as me."
Scarce had th' Almighty ceas'd his speech,
  When all th' Arch-Angels high,
So loud as from blest voices sweet,
  Began their symphony;
Hosannas fill'd the courts above,
  And hallelujahs free,
And Angels sung surprising love;
  Heav'n rung with jubilee:
Lowly they bow to either throne
  And down they cast their crowns
Inwove with amaranth and gold,
  With awe down to the ground;
Immortal amaranth their crowns,
  Once a flower in Paradise,
Fast by the tree of life was found
  Ginning to bloom so blithe;

But soon for man's offence remov'd
To Heav'n, where first it grew,
Its native place where grows it now,
(So soon his comforts flew,)
Flow'ring aloft in fitter soil,
Shading the fount of life,
Yet cult'r'd there b' Angelic toil
Exceeds th' Arabic spice.
Then crown'd again, the golden harp
They took, harps over strung,
And each 'gan join melodious part,
Such harmony they sung;
Then with preamble sweet begin
With sacred symphony,
No voice but well his praise could sing
In Heav'nly minstrelsy.
And thus th' Angelic choir begun:
"The, Heav'nly Father," first they sung,
"Immutable, Immortal Thou,
Before whom men and Angels bow,
Thou Infinite, Eternal King,
'F eternal bliss thou sacred spring,
Omnipresent, and fount of light,
Enthron'd amidst thy glories bright;
But when thou shad'st thy beam's full blaze
Not highest Seraphim 'n thee gaze,
But veil their eyes with either wing
And round thy throne forever sing.
Thee next, of all creation first,
Begotten Son, and frail man's trust,
Divine Similitude of God,
How hast thou spread thy love abroad;

On thee transferr'd his image blest,
On thee his ample spirit rests,
By thee th' aspiring spirits fell,
Pursu'd by thee and thrust to Hell;
Thou drov'st thy chariot wheels amain,
That shook Heav'n's everlasting frame,
O'er the necks of spirits lost,
Disarray'd, to darkness cast.
Back from pursuit victorious came,
And high extoll'd, with loud acclaim,
Son of thy Father's wond'rous might,
To do his will thy chief delight,
And execute his wrath on those
Who stubbornly his will oppose:
Not so on man, by them beguil'd,
Father of grace and mercy mild.
No sooner did thy dear Son see
Thee purpos'd frail man to pity,
He to appease thy wrath severe,
An end of justice and mercy dear
The strife, regardless of the bliss
Wherein he sat, enjoying this,
Offer'd himself to die for man,
For man's offence upon thy plan.
O unexampled love sublime,
Elsewhere unknown less than divine!
Thus high above the stars they sung,
While each his harp symphonious rung.
Meanwhile, in a descending mode
After a tedious flight,
Upon the firm capacious globe
Of this round world so bright,

Whose first convex divides, in height,
The inferior orbs enclos'd
From Chaos and th' inroad of Night,
To darkness quite exposed,
Satan, the fiend, alighted walks:
A globe far off it seem'd,
As o'er the waste and wild he stalks,
Where light scarce ever gleam'd.
Then down direct towards the world
His flight direct now thrown,
Through marble air with wing unfurl'd
Through stars that twinkling shone:
Stars distant shone, but nigh at hand
Seem'd after happy worlds
Terraqueous, with happy land,
Like happy ocean isles,
But who in them dwelt happy there
He stay'd not to inquire
But to the Earth bent all his care;
All his evil desire;
Though 'magination, bu'y'st 't things,
Created in his mind
A race of rational beings
To each these spheres assign'd,
And busy mus'd of things unknown;
As when Herschel by night,
Descry'd his star that farthe'st shone
About the orb of light;
Or Symms of late Columbus like
Hath in his mind full soon
To search the Earth's far distant verge
For regions in its womb,

Led by imagination on,
So high so deep it goes,
To fix wherewith to rest upon
What truth cannot disclose.
And now above these stars on high,
The golden sun shone bright,
And next to Heav'n allur'd his eye,
Half dazzl'd at the sight:
Thither his course he bends from thence;
But whether up or down,
Hard to relate to human sense,
Or with excentric bound;
But there soon lands th' arch-enemy,
A spot like which perhaps
Astronomers since never see
Through his glaz'd optic lake;
The place he found exceeding bright
Compar'd with aught on earth,
Metal or stone, not all parts like,
But all of light the birth,
As glowing iron hard with fire,
If metal part seem'd gold,
Part silver clear, as glist'ning spire,
If stone, (as some have told,)
Carbuncle most, or chrysolite,
Ruby or topaz stone,
Like to the twelve, as sacred writ,
In Aaron's breastplate shone.
Here matter new on which to gaze
The wand'ring Devil met,
And far and wide the orb surveys
With a delib'rate step.

But soon discern'd, as near he come,
A glorious Angel stand,
The same whom John saw in the sun;
At distance from the fiend,
His back was turn'd towards the foe,
But not his brightness hid;
However seen a saintly show,
Illust'rous seem'd his head;
Glad was the spirit impure, at sight
'F a Heav'nly stranger then,
Who might direct his wand'ring flight
To th' happy seat of man.
To Paradise, his journey's end
And our beginning wo;
But first his shape he cast to change
And make a saintly show,
Which else might work him long delay
And dangers to escape,
So put Satanic forms away
'Nd assum'd a heav'nly shape;
And now a stripling cherub seems,
Nor of the prime sort he,
But him a youth the Angel deems,
Turning his form to see,
When straight the fiend, now in disguise,
Knew him, Uri'l of old
Who sudden mov'd in him surprise;
But accosts him bold.
"Uriel, regent of this orb,
Spirit upright of Heav'n,
Though doing now his will abroad,
What charge to thee is giv'n,

Desire to see this wond'rous frame,
These shining orbs so bright,
Of which in Heav'n we hear by fame
With exquisite delight,
But chiefly man on whom was stamp'd
Our own image upright,
For whom these worlds were all ordain'd,
As was this orb of light,
Brought me from the Heav'nly choir,
Wandering thus alone,
To satisfy anxious desire
In solitary roam.
Tell, bright Heav'nly seraph, tell
Which of these shining orbs,
God hath assign'd for man to dwell,
For favor'd man's abode;
Or if no fixed seat hath he,
But hath his choice to dwell,
In all these shining worlds, tell me
That by me he beheld,
And wilt open on secret gaze,
To see him and admire,
And give to God my highest praise
In true seraphic fire;
Who justly drove his rebels out
And sentenc'd them to Hell;
By faithful Michael put to rout
And to perdition fell."
So spake the false dissembler sly,
The first that e'er deceiv'd,
The author of hypocrisy,
Thus far thus unperceiv'd,

Hypocrisy, that evil thing,
In secret loves to roam,
Th' only evil h' walks unseen
Except to God alone.
Thus th' imposter, and Uriel thus,
"Fair Angel thy desire,
Which tends to know the works of God,
And thereby praise him higher,
Far be from blame; but tends to praise,
The more it seems excess,
High exaltations in thee raise
Thy maker more to bless:
Look downward on that globe afar,
Whose hither side so bright
With light from hence, appears as star,
Yet shines by borrow'd light,
That place is Earth, man's happy seat,
That light thou seest, his day,
The other side by turns doth meet
This orb's all cheering ray;
That spot to which I point thee now
Is blissful Paradise;
That clump of trees with shady bough,
Is his bower so blithe."
He said, and Satan took his leave,
After due honors paid,
And towards the coast of Earth beneath
His speed direct he made,
Down direct he throws his flights,
Plumb down his course he drops;
Nor stay'd till on Miflates lights
And rested on its top.

O for that warning voice on high,
Which John once saw in Heav'n,
Th' apochalypse aloud heard cry,
When Satan down was driv'n,
Who 'cus'd the brethren, day and night,
Before the God of all,
So fraught with rage and envious spite
T' revenge his dreadful fall,
"Wo to the inhabitants of Earth!"
That now while time was so,
Our first parents had been warned
The coming of their foe;
For Satan now with rage came down
To wreck on man his loss
Of that first battle so renown'd,
Which threw him down at last;
Yet not rejoicing in his speed
Though bold far off was he;
Nor cause to boast begins the deed,
That caus'd our misery,
Which nigh the birth, now rolling, boils
In his tumult'ous breast,
And like an engine back recoils
Upon his devilish crest;
Horror and doubt distract the elfe,
And from the bottom shake
The Hell he brings within himself
And all his passions quake;
Now conscience wakes bitter despair,
Wakes the sad memory
Of what he was, once good, once fair,
What is, and what must be,

Sometimes tow'rds Eden's happy shade,
So pleasant in his view,
His now griev'd looks he fixes sad,
That stirs his Hell anew:
Sometimes toward the Heav'ns high,
Sometimes the blazing Sun,
Then much revolving fix'd his eye
And thus in sighs begun.
"O thou bright orb thus shining round,
With rays excessive bright,
That with surpassing glory crown'd,
Sends forth thy cheering light,
At which the burnish'd stars on high,
Hide their diminish'd heads,
Unable their bright beams to vie
With thine, or with thine spread;
To thee I call, O fount of light,
But with no friendly voice,
And add thy name, O Sun so bright,
With sad and bitter choice,
To tell thee how I hate thy beams
That bring fresh to my mind,
From what high state I fell, once deem'd
Of Angels good the prime,
And glorious then above thy sphere,
Till pride first mov'd in me,
And worse, ambition, thew me here
In pain and misery;
Warring 'gainst Heav'n's matchless King,
In Heav'n high I fought,
And thence I feel 'n eternal sting
So justly on me brought:

Ah, wherefore! he deserv'd from me
No such return as this,
Whom he created what I was
In that bright sphere of bliss,
And with his good upbraided none,
Nor was his service hard,
Easy I might have honor shown
And gain'd a rich reward;
Than give him praise what could be less,
The easiest recompense,
And pay him thanks and still been blest,
And not been driv'n thence;
Yet all his good prov'd ill to me,
And wrought but malice deep,
Aspiring for supremacy
I disdain'd subjection meet;
And one step higher thought to step
And be the highest view'd,
And in a moment quit the debt
Of endless gratitude.
So wearisome thus still to pay
And yet thus still to owe,
Forgetful what from him receiv'd,
In fact I did not know
A grateful mind h' owing owes not,
But still by owing pays,
Or ever known I had forgot,
So wond'rous are his ways.
O had his destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior one,
Then I'd my happy state maintain'd
And not myself undone,

And yet some other pow'r as dark
And great might have aspir'd,
And me though mean drawn to his part,
By wild ambition fir'd;
But other pow'rs as great fell not;
But stand unshaken still,
Gainst all temptations firmly sot,
By their unshaken will.
Hadst thou the same free will to choose
And pow'r to stand? thou hadst:
Whom then or what hast thou t' accuse,
Since all were equal made
But Heav'n's love, unbounded free,
Dealt equally to all?
Let then his love accursed be,
Nor more be nam'd at all,
Since love or hate alike to me
It deals eternal wo,
As from this Hell I cannot flee,
Nor one step from it go.
Me mis'rable! forever damn'd;
O which way shall I lie?
Infinite wrath for me is plan'd,
And Hell which way I fly;
Is there no place for pardon left,
No place wherein to repent:
Or am I of all hope bereft?
O then at last relent:
None left but by submission due,
And that, disdain forbids,
For others after me I drew,
Boasting my mighty deeds,

But say, I could repent 'nd obtain,
By humble acts of grace,
Once more my former state again,
In Heav'n my native place,
How soon would height high thoughts recall,
Soon as my pain were o'er,
And soon unsay, nor mind at all
What feign'd repentance swore:
Ease would recant vows made in pain
As violent and void,
And what but short I should so gain,
No lasting ease afford;
Nor can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate
Have pierc'd so deep, and brought such wo,
Nor long submission make;
This to worse relapse would lead,
A heavier fall impart,
So should I purchase dear indeed
Short bliss with double smart;
This knows my punisher fully,
Nor will his vengeance cease;
Therefore as far from granting he
As I from begging peace:
All hope excluded, thus at last,
And banish'd from his sight,
Behold instead of us outcast,
Exil'd, his new delight.
So farewell hope, and farewell fear,
With hope and fear, remorse:
Evil be thou my good, and near;
Since real now I've lost;

By thee, evil, at last I hold
This new empire below,
And more than half perhaps shall reign
As man ere long shall know."
While thus, each passion dim'd his face,
Thrice chang'd with pale and ire
Distortion foul and mad grimace
And sad despair entire,
Which mar'd his visage counterfeit,
And show'd him prince of Hell,
Hapless escap'd the horrid pit,
If any eye beheld;
For Uriel's eye pursu'd him down,
And mark'd his airy gate,
And on th' Assyrian lofty mound
Saw his disfigur'd shape,
Disfigur'd more than could befall
Spirits of happy sort;
His gestures fierce and visage tall
He mark'd with jealous thought,
As through the glade his flight he threw
Over the sylvan green,
Then all alone as he suppos'd,
All unobserv'd unseen.
So on he fares, the base of bliss,
And to the borders come
Of Eden's flowr'y wilderness
That like a wall upsprung;
And crown'd with green the lofty head
Of a steep sylvan side,
Whose branches thick and vernal spread,
And all access deny'd:

Cedar and pine, and branching palm
High rear'd a lofty shade,
And underneath the fragrant balm,
And rose and myrtle laid;
Yet higher than this lofty shade,
The verd'rous wall upsprung,
And mark'd the bound of Paradise,
Far as the circle run,
Which, to our primitive great sire,
Gave prospect amply wide
Into his nether empire fair,
And shade at high noon-tide:
Yet higher still a circling row
Of loftiest fruitful trees,
Burthen'd with fruit on ev'ry bough,
Appear'd thro' vernal leaves,
With gay, enamell'd colors mix'd;
On which the sun more glad
His soft, impregning beams now fix'd
Than in fair evening cloud:
So lovely seem'd this landscape fair,
Teeming with vernal sweets;
And now of pure, now purer air
His glad approach soon meets:
Now gentle zephyrs smooth and bland,
Fanning their od'rous wings,
Disperse their sweets 'th adjoining land
And whisper whence they bring.
As when a ship for India bound,
And past the southern Cape,
Sailing by Madagascar down
Their course inland they make,

And now when past the Mosambique,
Meeting th' Arabian gales
That whisper whence they stole their sweets,
Well pleas'd, slacken their sails.
So entertain'd the old arch fiend
Each balmy, od'rous spoil,
Who came their bane, their sweets to end,
And all their beauty foil;
And to the assent of that steep hill,
Pensive had journey'd on
Thro' glade, o'er waste, o'er rock, o'er rill,
But further way found none,
So thick entwin'd the undergrowth,
As one continued brake,
Nor man, nor beast had passage forth,
Nor was there but one gate
And that look'd east on th' other side,
Which, when the arch-felon past,
Due ent'rance he disdain'd with pride
And scorn'd the trodden path,
And in contempt, at one slight spring
High overleap'd all bound
Of hill or wall, and sheen within
Him on his feet he found,
As when a wolf, by hunger driv'n,
For prey new haunts to seek,
Watches where shepherds pen at even
In hurdled cotes their sheep,
Leaps o'er the fence with greatest ease
Into the fleecy fold,
And on the timid creatures sieze
With rapine fierce and bold:

Or as a thief, bent to uphoard
The cash of some rich hind,
Heeds not the walls of stone or board,
In at the window climbs:
So clomb of thieves, this first grand thief,
Into the fold of God;
So since into his church beneath
Lude hirelings climb abroad.
Thence up t' the tree of life he flew
Thereon with evil taunt,
The middle and the highest there grew,—
Sat like a cormorant;
Yet not true life thereby regain'd,
But sat devising death
To those who liv'd and good remain'd,
And drew untainted breath.
Beneath him now the envious elf
View'd all of Eden's worth,
In narrow room, nature's whole wealth,
Yea more; a heav'n on Earth.
For blissful Paradise now glow'd
With ev'ry vernal sweet,
For spirits heav'nly fit abode,
A happy rural seat,
Plant'd with trees of noblest kind,
Blooming supremely blithe,
And all amid them stood sublime
The sacred tree of life,
Blooming a choice ambrosal fruit
Of vegitable gold;
'Midst flowers drest in richer suit
Than e'er since bought or sold;

And next to life, fast by in view,
So short the space between,
Our death the tree of knowledge grew,
Bought dear by knowing sin:
Not far from thence, on either hand,
Were gummy, od'rous groves,
And thick with these the lillies stand,
And without thorn the rose:
The tuneful birds their choir apply,
Airs, vernal airs they sing,
And sweet attune their notes on high,
Upborne with steady wing;
Thus Satan from his airy height
Had prospect large to view
Undelighted all delight,
All creatures strange and new:
And two erect of nobler shape,
With nature's bounty blest;
Godlike erect, with graceful gait,
Seem'd lords of all the rest:
And worthy only seem'd alone;
For in their looks divine
Their maker's glorious immage shone,
Wisdom and truth sublime,
Whence true authority and men,
Tho' both not equal seem,
For he for strength and valor plann'd,
She an attractive mein;
He more for meditation deep,
And contemplation high,
She soft and more engaging sweet
And love her airs supply;

His noble front and e re sublime
Aver'd absolute made,
And hyacinthine locks entwin'd
O'er his forehead laid,
Thick clust'ring down they manly hung,
In silver ringlets curl'd,
But not beneath his shoulders come
But ended thick entwirl'd;
She as a veil down to the waste
Her golden tresses wore,
And much her form benign they grac'd,
Veiling her breast before:
Nor other cov'ring each had then
To hide those myst'rous parts,
For then was not dishonest shame;
Since sprung from evil arts.
Happy in native innocence,
Unwary of ill or wrong,
Or enemy, or aught from thence;
So pass'd they naked on,
And underneath a tufted shade
That on a tainted green
Stood whispering soft, a signal made
To taste th' refreshing scene;
So down they sat without delay,
And after toil no more
Of gard'ning labor or of play,
Fell to their frugal store;
Nectarine fruit their supper made,
The savory pulp they chew,
And with the rind the riv'let laid
To quench their thirst, as dew,

About them blithe all creatures play'd,
Frisking the roe with hart
And of all chase in wood or glade
In forest wild or park,
Sporting rump'd the lion glad
Dandling the harmless kid
For not in gorgon terrors clad;
Of his since fierceness rid,
Bears, Tigers, Ounces, Pards, and Lynx,
The Roe, the Hind, and Hart,
Fishers, Sables, Beavers, Minks,
The Jay, the Kite, and Lark,
And him that sports or him that sings,
Or walks, or creeps, or flies,
Upborne with feet on tow'ring wings,
Gambol'd before their eyes.
Close th' insinuant serpent sly,
Twin'd in a folded ring,
Proof of his fatal guile, lay shy
Fit vehicle of sin;
Others, now fill'd with grazing, sat
Couch'd on the tender herb,
Or bedward seek the dev'ous track
That leads t' the coted herd,
For now the sun's bright beams had sunk
And met the ocean isles,
And all to nest or couch had slunk
In den, or glade, or wiles;
And stars that usher evening, rose
In th' Heav'n's ascending scale;
With twinkling gems its blue arch glows
Thro' all celestial pale:

When Satan, as in gaze at first
With subtle art to scan
Their weaker parts, with envy curst:
Thus to himself began:
"Oh, Hell! what do mine eyes behold!
What hateful sight is this!
Creatures advanced of other mould
High in our room of bliss,
Earthborn, perhaps, not spirits quite,
Or earthly exter'or;
But yet to heav'nly spirits bright
Little inferior,
Whom my thoughts wondering persue,
So bright and lovely shines;
And would admire and love them too
In them semblance divine;
Ah, gentle pair! ah hapless ye,
Ye little think how soon
Your present happiness may be
Exchanged for sick'ning gloom,
And vanish like a glitt'ring toy,
Deliv'ring ye to wo;
The more is now your taste of joy,
The more of sorrow know;
Happy, but so not long ensur'd,
Long to continue so;
And for so happy ill secur'd
'Gainst such a mighty foe;
And yet to you no purpos'd wrong
Or to your progeny,
Whom I could pity, thus forlorn
Th' pity none to me;

Despis'd, unpitied, doom'd to hell;
With you seek amity,
That I with you henceforth must dwell,
Or you, ever, with me;
My dwelling happy may not please,
Like this delicious place
And garden sweet of fruitful trees,
Pleasant to thirst and taste;
But such your maker's work accept,
He freely gave to me,
Tho' pleasing less than this expect,
Which I impart as free;
Hell shall unfold t' receive you two
With all your numerous host
And if no better place you view,
Thank him who hates *me* most,
And puts me loth to this return
On you who wrong'd me ne'er,
For him who wrong'd and doom'd to burn
In pain tormenting e'er;
Yet at your harmless innocence,
If I should melt as do,
Yet public reason just from whence
My ill designs I drew;
Honor and gain compel me now
By conqu'ring this new land
To do what else, with angry brow,
I should abhor tho' damn'd."
So plead the false arch-enemy,
T' excuse his dev'lish deeds;
Necessity, the tyrant's plea,
Arguing a must deeds.

Then from his stand on that high tree,
Down on the ground alights,
Anon the sportful herds to be
One of their kind or like,
Another now, as serv'd him best
Nearer his prey to view,
And unespied, hard on he prest,
Nearer th' unthinking two,
To mark what of their state he more
Might learn by word or art;
A monkey now upon all four,
And fiercer now a cat:
When straightway, Adam, first form'd man,
To Eve, of women first,
Sweetly thus moving speech began,
Turn'd him to hear it erst:
Sole partner, and part of these delights,
Dearer thyself than all;
Well might we that power infinite
In heav'nly praise extol,
Who formed for us this spacious ball,
And us from humble dust,
And gave us rule o'er creatures all,
All else to have in trust;
Who from his hand merited nought
By word or yet of deed,
Or can perform by work or aught
Whereof he can have need,
Who but requires of us to keep
One only, easy charge,
Of all the fruit, delicious, sweet,
Of all this garden large,

Not to taste that of th' only tree,
Close by the tree of life,
The tree of knowledge, said to be;
So near grows death to life:
Whate'er death be, something of dread,
No doubt, for well thou knowest
That God, who 's wise and good, hath said
We shall not touch or taste:
Death, then, to taste that only tree,
For our obedience left,
As th' only sign, henceforth to be,
'Mong all things common else:
Then never let us think it hard
One easy law t' obey,
While we enjoy free leave so large,
And blessings day by day;
But let us praise him ever more,
His bounty e'er extol,
And count his love and blessings o'er,
And serve him with hearts whole;
Following our delightful task,
To prune each growing plant,
Tho' unprun'd, yield us fruit unask'd,
So ready he to grant,
And tend these flowers, now open bloom,
The pimrose and the leek,
Which, were it toilsome me alone,
Yet with thee it is sweet.
To whom, thus Eve modest repli'd:
O, thou, my sole, my might,
And thou, the head of all, my guide,
What thou hast said is right;

For we to him do owe all praise,
And we our daily thanks;
Whate'er, (such wond'rous love his ways,)
Unask'd, we need, he grants;
I, chiefly, who enjoying thee,
So far the happier lot,
Thou, so preeminent to me,
A like consort, hath not.
I that day in rememb'rance keep,
From sleep I first awoke
And found myself reposed sweet,
Under a shady oak,
Much wond'ring where and what I was,
Whence thither brought, and how;
Not distant far a murm'ring noise,
From yonder shady brow,
Of water isued from a cave
And spread a liquid plain,
Then stood unmov'd by wind or wave,
Save at its gentle drain;
Thither with unexperienc'd thought,
Thro' groves I found my way
Unto its banks, thick flow'rs sat,
And prostrate down I lay
To look into the crystal lake,
That seem'd another sky;
When bending low, an opposite shape
With admiration high,
Low bending o'er to look on me,
Just in the wat'ry gleam;
Is tarted back; it started back;
But pleas'd I soon return'd,

Pleas'd it as soon return'd to me
With answ'ring looks of love;
And there awhile in that smooth sea,
My eyes too fix'd to move;
But rous'd at length by sweet soft notes
Of wing'd warblers gay,
I turn'd from thence and up the slopes
Trod back my lonely way,
And heard thee cry thro' thickets brown.
"Hail, thou! my bride," said'st thou,
Hail, I repli'd, not wont to frown
From that time hence till now."
So spake the mother of mankind,
Rob'd in her native charms,
On our first father half reclin'd,
Supported by his arms;
Beneath her flowing tresses hid
Half her snowy white breast
Naked met his; entwining laid
About his manly chest,
He in delight of all her charms
Angelic; as above
Pressing her closer in his arms,
Smil'd with superior love;
As when Jupiter on Juno smiles,
When he the clouds impregns
To shed May flow'rs on sunny isles,
And rills from mountains send,
And enamor'd with such coy grace,
About her waste he curl'd
And stamp'd his image on her face,
Progenitor 'f the world;

Aside the env'ous devil turn'd,
Th' arch-enemy since nam'd,
And having now his lore full learn'd,
Thus to himself he plain'd:
"O hateful sight! tormenting sight!
Thus so imbliss'd these two,
Each happy in the other quite;
Too much for me to view,
Who, where nor joy nor love can reach
Me more, am thrust to Hell,
And if for love or favor seek,
Answer'd with dispair fell;
Yet let me not their words forget,
What's said let me retain,
From their own mouths the mist'ry's let,
How they their bliss maintain:
Tho' lords declar'd, yet not of all;
One fatal tree yon plac'd,
The tree of knowledge, as they call,
Forbidden them to taste: [den?
Knowledge forbidden? knowledge forbid-
Suspicious, reasonless,
Or aught to make them happy hidden,
The last I should thought this.
Why should their Lord that envy them?
Can it be sin to know?
Can it be death? really then,
Who would be happy so?
And do they stand by ignorance?
Is this their happy state?
The proof of their obed'ence?
Their bliss is then at stake:

Oh, fair foundation laid, I find
Whereon to build their woe:
Henceforth I will excite their mind
With more desire to know,
And to reject envious laws,
Invented with design
To keep them low in virtue's cause,
Whom knowledge might repine—
And might equal with gods be made;
Be such aspiring to,
They taste, they die; as he hath said,
What likelier can ensue!
But first I must carefully look
And search this garden round,
Nor leave unsearch'd no narrow nook
Where spirit may be found;
A chance may lead where I may meet
Some heav'nly spirit kind,
Descended late, by fountain sweet,
Or in thick shade reclin'd,
From whom to draw what I would learn
Further 'f this happy pair:
Live while ye may, till I return
T' reverse your morning fair."
Thus said, with scorn he turned his face,
With circumspection shy,
And 'gan o'er hill, o'er dale, o'er waste,
His roam both far and nigh.
Meanwhile the now descending sun,
Low in the western sky,
Had sunk, and Philomel begun
To sound her notes on high;

While near to th' only eastern gate
Of rocky pillars high,
Gabriel, a chief arch-angel, sat
Awaiting night, now nigh.
About him th' unarm'd youth of heav'n,
Play'd their heroic fun
But nigh at hand, such charge had giv'n,
Celestial arm'ry hung.
There Uriel, regent of the sun,
Came gliding through the air
On a sun-beam, that sloping run,
Swift as a shooting star;
And thus in haste to Gabriel spake:
"Chief of th' angelic train,
To thee belongs to keep this gate,
That evil none come in;
This day at noon came to my sphere
A spirit zealous quite,
Or as he made himself appear,
By counterfeiting light,
To know more of the works of God,
And chiefly man upright.
I describ'd to him his road,
And mark'd his airy flight;
But in the mount, from Eden north,
Where he alighted first,
I soon discern'd his count'nance wroth,
Alien from Heav'n curs'd:
Mine eye pursu'd him further still;
But under thicket's shade
Lost sight of him, just by that rill
That laves this Eden's glade.

One of the banish'd crew, I fear,
Hath ventur'd from the deep,
And come to raise new troubles here;
Be him thy care to seek."
To whom the winged saint repli'd:
"No wonder if thy sight,
Amid the sun, see far and wide
From that orb of light:
No spirits pass in at this gate
But those from Heav'n, well known,
And since meridian hour so late,
No creature thence hath come.
If spirit foul of other kind
Have overleap'd this bound,
On purpose, with a evil mind—
As hard thou know'st 'tis found
T' exclude spirit with earthly bar,
But if enter'd this bound,
In what e'er shape, on high, on far,
He shall ere dawn be found."
So faithful Gabriel scarce had spoke,
When he on that beam bright,
Whose point now rais'd, bore him aslope
Back to the fount of light;
For now beneath the western sky
The setting sun had dropp'd,
And 'gan to gild the mountains high
With fluid gold their top.

MAN'S FIRST ESTATE,
AND HIGH REVOLT.

PART SECOND.

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SECOND PART.

Now eve her dewy course began
With tints of sable hue,
And o'er the earth, by zephyrs fann'd
Her twilight mantle threw;
Silence accompanied the scene,
For beast and bird were still,
These to their nest, they to the green,
Were couch'd by fount or rill,
And left the bladed field or dale,
Where oft their notes were heard,
All but the wakeful nightingale:
She all night long, sweet bird,
And lovel'est songstress of the night,
Her am'rous descant sung,
Nor cease'd her notes, till morning light
High in the east had sprung;
Nor scarcely then, for all day long
Had tun'd her mellow throat,
And yet at evening coming on
Renew'd her tuneful note;

But for awhile, to rest her wing,
Lit on a neighb'ring hill,
And chang'd her note tho' sweet had been,
And now sung "*whip-poor-will.*"
Now glow'd the high celestial arch
With living sapphires spread,
And gems that twinkled thro' the dark,
On by Hesperus led:
At length the silver queen of night
Her majesty displays,
Rising, unveil'd her peerless light
And shed her silver rays.
When Adam thus to Eve: "E'er blest,
Fair consort, th' hour of night,
And all things now retir'd to rest,
'Mind us t' repose alike;
Since God hath set labor and rest
To men as day and night,
Alternate each by the other blest,
Dark, sleep, for work the light;
But other creatures idle rove,
Or quite inactive keep;
Or graze their fill in field or grove,
And less need rest or sleep.
Man hath his daily word assign'd,
Which shows his dignity;
His work of body or of mind
God gave benignantly;
Other creatures inactive range,
And God takes no account
Of what they do, nor is it strange,
For what can it amount.

Ere morn again the east shall streak
And night again be driv'n,
Long ere the sun the mountains meet,
We must, indeed, be risen
And at our labors, to reform
Yon flow'ry arbors gay,
Yon alleys green, yon thicket lorn,
Our walk at high noon day,
That mock our secret manœuv'ring quite,
And ask more hands than ours
To lop their growth, and teach them right
To grow in shady bow'rs;
Such is our lot, with bounty blest.
Meanwhile, since evening fair,
As nature wills, night bids us rest
And to suspend our care."
To whom thus Eve, angelic fair,
Thus to her husband plain:
"Whate'er thou bid'st I will obey,
So God all-swise ordain.
With thee conversing, I forget
All time, all seasons too,
All please alike without regret,
Alike all sweet and new:
Sweet is the breath of early morn,
Her rising sweet, indeed;
Fragrant with dew the fertile earth,
And sweet the flow'ry mead;
Pleasant the sun when first he shines
On this delightful land,
And spreads his beams upon all kinds,
By morning breezes fann'd,

On herb, on tree, on fruit and flow'r,
Glist'ning with pearly dew;
Pleasant in high meridian hour
His beams' full blaze to view;
Fragrant the fertile earth again,
After a gentle show'r,
And sweeter smiles the fertile plain,
And lovel'er seems each bow'r;
And sweet indeed the coming on
Of grateful evening mild,
Then silent night, cheer'd with the song
Of this sweet Philomel,
And this fair moon, the queen of night,
And these the gems of Heav'n,
Her starry train, with twinkling light,
To cheer the gloom of even.
But neither breath of smiling morn,
Nor charm of earliest bird;
Nor rising sun on field, or lawn,
Or flower, or fruit, or herb,
Glist'ning with dew, as gems of Heav'n;
Nor fragrance after shower,
Nor coming on of grateful even,
Nor night's more silent hour,
With this her sole, her solemn bird;
Nor walk at high noon heat,
By groves of fruit, or flower, or herb,
Without thee e'er is sweet.
But wherefore, all night long, shine these?
For whom this glorious sight,
When all from play or labor cease,
Wrapt in the gloom of night?"

To whom our general sire repli'd:
"Daughter of God and man,
These have their courses far and wide,
To finish round the land
By morrow eve, from place to place,
Alternate sit and rise,
Minist'ring light to the unborn race,
From us henceforth to rise:
Tho' unbeheld, in deep of night,
These then shine not in vain,
Nor think, tho' none to view this sight,
Useless this starry train:
Millions of spiritual creatures keep
On this wide world, unseen,
Both when we wake and when we sleep,
And ceaseless praises sing.
How oft from some steep echoing hill
Or thicket, do we hear
Celestial voices, loud and shrill,
Sounding His praises clear;
And oft in bands, while they keep watch
Or walk their nightly round,
With sweet, melodious, heav'nly touch
Of instrumental sound,
In full harmonious numbers giv'n,
Their songs divide the night
And lift our thoughts from earth to heav'n,
From hence transported quite."
Thus they beguil'd the evening hour,
And hand in hand alone
They pass'd on to their blissful bower,
Their happy rural home:

The place the sovereign Planter chose,
When first he fram'd the earth,
And all things since that in it grows
For man's delicious use:
Laurel and myrtle thick inwove
O'erspread the fragrant roof,
And higher grew the fragrant grove,
Each spicy branch aloof:
On either side acanthus tall,
Each bushy, odorous tree
Fenc'd up the spicy, verdant wall,
Around the fragrant lea;
Each beauteous flower, on vines e'er green,
Irises of all hue
High rear'd their flourish'd heads between
A shelter from the dew;
While under foot as soft as down,
Orcus and violet,
With rich inlay broider'd the ground,
With many colors mix'd.
Here other creatures enter none,
Such was their awe of man;
But elsewhere all free leave to roam,
So inate instinct ran.
In shadier bower, more sacred kept,
Nor more sequester'd fair,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept,
Or wood-nymph haunted ne'er.
In close recess, in flowers hid,
Here, at th' accustom'd hour,
'Spous'd Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed,
Herself the fairest flow'r;

And heav'nly choirs th' hymenian sung,
What day to Adam's arms
She forth in am'rous beauty come,
Rob'd in her native charms.
Thus when arriv'd to their abode,
Both stood without fast by,
And under open sky ador'd
The God that made both sky,
Air, earth, and heav'n, which they beheld,
The moon's resplendent globe
And her celestial train, upheld
By His omnific word:
"Thou also mad'st the silent night,
Maker omnipotent!
And thou the day celestial bright,
Alternate to us sent;
Happy in this delicious place,
Where every bliss abounds,
And thy abundance speaks thy grace
And uncropt falls to the ground:
But thou hast said, from us a race
To fill the earth shall spring,
Who shall with us extol thy grace
And e'er thy praises sing,
Both when we wake at early morn,
And when at eve we seek,
Wearied, our daily labor done,
As now thy gift of sleep."
This said, into their inmost bow'r
Handed they quick retir'd,
For dew drops falling shut each flow'r
Which early morn repair'd;

Eas'd of the trouble to undress,
For garments neither us'd;
Straight side by side were laid, "I guess,"
Nor wedded rites refus'd;
Whoe'er there be in doubt that stands
Of purity and place;
It was the first of God's commands
To Adam and his race:
Our Maker bids us increase, then,
And who dares did abstain
Must be a foe to God and men
And justly merits pain.
Now had night in her sable garb,
Completed half her reign,
When all the bright cherubic guard
From ivory ports forth came,
And stood arm'd at th' accustom'd hour,
Where they their night-watch keep,
When Gabriel to his next in pow'r
Directed thus his speech.
"Uzziel, with half these coast the South,
Wheel to the north the rest;
With strictest watch the whole throughout;
Our circuit meets full west,"
Quick they obey'd their leader's call,
Nor thought their duty hard;
From these he chose two spirits tall,
And gave them thus in charge.
"Ithuriel and Zephon," said he,
"Search close this garden through.
And let no nook unsearched be,
But chief where those fair two,

(Now laid perhaps in balmy sleep,)
Lodge in their shady bower
Secure; these chiefly ours to keep
From harm through evening hour:
This evening from the sun's bright beams
One came in haste to tell
Of some infernal spirit seen,
Whose 's 'scap'd the bars of Hell,
Hither-ward bent, on errand bad
No doubt if such it be;
Such where ye find, sieze fast and drag
Him hither straight to me."
So on direct t' the bower they trode
In search of whom they 'd sieze;
Him there they found squat like a toad,
Close at the ear of Eve,
Assaying by his devilish art
To work her fancy o'er,
By pouring pride into her heart,
And thirst for knowledge more,
Planting his gay delusions there,
Blown up with high conceit,
Vain aims, inordinate desires
And every subtle cheat.
Him thus Ithuriel with his spear
Heavenly temper'd struck;
For falsehood none that can endure
Celestial temper'd touch,
But turns of force to its own shape,
When up he starts amaz'd,
A monster fierce, and hugely great,
And on these two fair gaz'd.

As when a spark lights on a heap
  Of smutty, nitrous grain,
That nations long for war do keep,
  Bursts in a sudden flame:
So started up in his own shape
  The horrid gristly king;
Back step these two fair angels straight,
  But soon unmov'd begin:
"Which of the rebels of the deep
  Com'st thou, escap'd thy bound?
Why at the head of these that sleep
  Art thou thus busy found?"
To whom the devil scornful spake:
  "Indeed, know ye me not?
Ye knew me once, for you no mate;
  Why then this question put?"
To whom thus Zephon, scorn with scorn:
  "Think not, spirit perverse,
Thou canst be known by that same form
  Thou had'st ere thou 'd'st the curse;
But stood in Heav'n upright and pure,
  That with thy goodness went.
But come, thou shalt account, be sure
  To him who us here sent."
This said, abashed the devil stood,
  Fill'd with indignant wroth,
And saw how awful what is good;
  E'en saw and pin'd his loss.
"But if I must contend," said he,
  "Best with the best, I trust;
More glory will be won, I see,
  Or all; less will be lost."

"Thy fear," said then this spirit true,
Will save us trial cheap,
Of what the least of these can do,
Against thee, wicked, weak."
Nor more the fiend; for clos'd his lips;
But like a proud steed reign'd,
Went on champing his iron bits;
To strive or fly in vain.
Now drew they nigh the western point,
Where each half rounding land
Just met, and stood in squadrons joint,
Awaiting next command.
To whom in front, their leading chief
Call'd aloud: "O, friends,
I hear the tread of nimble feet,
In haste this way moving;
And now by glimpse can just discern
Ithuriel and Zephon,
And with them 'f regal pont there comes,
With faded splendor wan,
Who seems by his demeaning face
To be the prince of Hell;
Not likely much to leave the place,
Without a conflict fell."
While thus he spoke, these two approach'd,
With them the foe unbound,
And brief related whom they brought,
How busied and where found.
To whom thus Gabriel with a frown,
And firm unshaken words:
"Why hast thou, Satan, broke thy bound,
And others' charge disturb'd

Who have, to question thee, full pow'r,
Of thy bold entrance here,
Disturbing sleep at midnight-hour,
As these make it appear?"
To whom Satan, with envy fraught:
"Gabriel, thou had'st in Heaven
Th' esteem of wise; and such I thought,
Ere I from thence were driv'n;
But this much ask'd puts me in doubt,
Lives there, who lives in pain,
Who would not, finding way, break out
And ease and bliss regain?
Thou wouldst thyself come hence,
Or boldly make thy flight,
Where thou might soonest recompence
Sad dole with dear delight,
Which in this place in peace I sought
Recluse from thee to hide,
Who with sole good art ever fraught,
And evil hast not tri'd.
Let him securer bar his gates,
If he intends our stay
Within, in ever burning lakes
Forever doom'd to lay.
Thus much I answer what was ask'd,
The rest I own is true;
They found me where they say, alas—
Nor that speaks evil view."
To whom the warlike saint replied,
With zeal and fervor too:
"Satan, thou 'd'st better judge of wise,
Whom folly overthrew:

But wherefore thou alone comest,
If this thy aim it be?
Why not with thee all Hell broke loose,
To share this bliss with thee?
Is pain to them less pain than thee,
Or they stronger to bear,
And thou less hardy, first to flee
And leave thy legions there?
But sure if thou, as I believe,
Had'st but alledg'd thy flight,
Thou had'st not come sole fugitive
In this ignoble plight."
To whom the fiend thus answering stern:
"Not that I less endure,
Or shrink from flames that endless burn,
Insulting saint, be sure:
For well indeed thou know'st I stood
Fiercest in battle drear,
Till blasting thunders seconded
Thy else not dreaded spear:
But I alone first undertook
To wing the dark abyss;
Hearing of earth, I come to look
And spy a place of bliss,
Where I, with my afflicted pow'rs,
Might settle down at ease,
And, far from pain, enjoy the bow'rs
Of these delicious trees."
To whom the upright saint again:
"To say and straight unsay,
Pretending first thou would'st fly pain,
Professing next the spy,

Argues no chief; but liar trac'd;
So thou, sly hypocrite,
Once good in Heav'n, but now defac'd,
Mark well what now I speak:
Avaunt! fly thither whence thou fled'st,
For if I see thee here
Henceforth within this hallow'd place,
Thou shalt have more to fear,
For back t' the pit I'll drag thee chain'd,
And seal thee up so hard,
As heneeforth not to scorn again
The gates too slightly barr'd."
So threaten'd he, the angel pure,
But Satan gave no heed,
Nor would he such bold words endure,
But waxed wroth indeed.
"When I'm thy captive, talk of chains;
But first thyself shalt feel
Far heavier load, with double pain,
Till thou'lt be glad to yield,
Though Heaven's king ride on thy wings,
And thou with thy compeer,
Us'd to the yoke, should'st mark the ring
Thro' Heaven's broad arches clear,"
While thus; th' angelic squadron bright,
Sharp'ning in mooned horn,
Turn'd fiery red, prepared to fight
Around their foe forlorn;
Who now, with mazy terror stiff,
Collected all his might,
And unmoved, like Peneriff,
Disdan'd the thought of flight.

And now great deeds might have been done
Had not great God sublime,
In Heav'n his golden scales forth hung,
'Tixt th' Astrea and Scorpion sign;
And these, yet seen, when balanc'd right,
In each a weight he threw,
The sequel 'f parting and of fight;
The latter quick upflew,
Which Gabriel spying, thus t' the fiend:
"Satan, I know thy might,
And thou know'st mine; what folly then
To boast of arms in fight;
Since thine no more than Heaven's desire;
Nor mine, though double now
To trample thee as filthy mire,
And end thy frowning brow:
For proof look up and read thy fate
In yon celestial sign,
Where thou art weigh'd and shown how weak
Thy strength compar'd with mine."
The gristly fiend look'd up and knew
His mounted scale aloft:
Nor more—but turn'd and murm'ring flew,
And with him night went off.
Now rising morn with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light,
And with her lucid mantle bland
Far chas'd the shades of night.
When Adam, at th' accustom'd hour,
Wak'd by shrill matin song
Of birds now perch'd high on his bow'r,
Rose up to greet the morn.

But great, indeed, his wonder was
To find Eve yet unwak'd,
With tresses loose and discompos'd,
As thro' unquiet rest:
He on his side half leaning rais'd,
With looks of cordial love,
Hung over her and silent gaz'd:
A fearful sigh he hove:
And beauty saw, which, though asleep,
So wonted to her face,
Sleeping or wake, alike both sweet,
Shot forth peculiar grace.
With voice mild as the morning breeze
That ruffs the silver lake,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd these:
"Eve, my fairest, wake,
Heaven's last best gift, my latest found,
My ever new delight,
Awake; the morning shines around,
Return'd with pleasing light:
Me my plants call, thy flow'rs thee;
Come let us to our toil,
Thou to the vine, I to the tree
Where drops the citron oil:
Now sing the warblers, perch'd on high."
Such soft whispering quite
Wak'd her; but with startled eye
On Adam, her delight,
Whom embracing, thus she spake:
"O sole, my partner kind,
Glad I thus morn from sleep awake,
And see thy face benign:

For I this night, such night never past,
Have dreamed, O partner kind,
Not as I'm wont, works of day past,
Or morrow's next design;
But of offence and trouble deep:
Close at mine ear, methought,
A gentle voice both soft and sweet,
That call'd me forth to walk:
It said, why sleep'st thou, beauteous Eve?
Now is the pleasant time,
The silent, save when silence yields
To Philomel fine.
Now reigns full orb'd the splendid moon
O'er nature's dark repose;
More pleasing than the heat of noon,
Less sick'ning to the rose.
As at thy bidding straight I rose,
But, lo! I found thee not;
To find thee, then, thro' devious ways
Directed soon my walk;
And on alone I pass'd, methought,
Through ways exceeding fair,
That to the tree of knowledge brought
Me ere I was aware;
Much fairer than by day it seem'd
Thro' moon-light beams of even:
Beside it stood one shap'd and wing'd
Like one of those from Heav'n;
And on that tree he also gaz'd:
And, "O, fair plant," said he,
"With fruit surcharg'd, much to be prais'd.
Deign'st none thy load to ease,

Nor taste thy fruit, nor God nor man;
Is knowledge so despis'd?
Why dost thy fruit in clusters hang
To tempt my longing eyes?
Let him who will, forbid to taste;
None shall thy offered good
Longer from me withhold; why else
Set here with heav'nly food?"
So saying bold, nor paus'd, but straight
With vent'rous fury fill'd,
Reach'd forth his arm, and pluck'd and ate;
But me damp horror chill'd:
But he o'erjoy'd: "O, fruit divine,
Thus cropt it seems more sweet;
Forbidden here, it seems, I find,
Fit only Gods to eat,
Yet able to make Gods of men;
And why not Gods? who knows,
Since good the more diffused then
The more abundant grows.
Here happy creature, angel fair,
Partake thou also this,
And like us spirits, soar in air
To better worlds of bliss,
Tho' happy now thou art, indeed,
Happier thou may'st be;
But worthier not, though from earth freed,
And bliss of Gods shalt see."
So saying, he drew nigh to me,
And to my mouth he held
Part of the fruit of that same tree,
Whose savor sweet so smell'd,

That I, methought, could not but taste,
When forthwith to the sky
With him I flew, with eagle haste,
Above the earth on high,
Much wond'ring at my flight and change
To this exalted pitch:
My guide now gone, and I again
Sunk down and fell asleep:
But O, how glad to find, awake,
It but a dream I had."
Thus Eve her night he heard relate,
And thus he answer'd sad:
"Sole partner 'nd chief of my delight,
And best image of me;
The trouble of thy thoughts this night
Affects me equally;
Nor can I like this uncouth dream,
Of evil sprung, I'm sure,
Yet, whence? in thee can horbor none,
Thou wast created pure:
Yet be not sad, but this truth know:
Evil into the mind
Of God or man may come and go,
And leave no blame behind,
Which gives me hope that, what in sleep
Thou did'st abhor to view,
(For well thou know'st our charge to keep,)
Awake, thou wilt not do.
Then be not sad, nor cloud that face,
So often wont to be
Clad with a more endearing grace
Than aught on earth to me;

And let us rise with pleasant cheer,
  And with the mounting sun,
Among the groves and fountains clear,
  To our employment come."
So chas'd he her sad grief away,
  And to the field they haste:
But first, soon as to open day
  They come, nor time to waste,
Both bowing low, together prayed
  Before the rising sun;
And thus each morning duly paid,
  Their orisons begun.
"These are thy works, Parent divine, [blime,
Thy hand stretch'd out these Heav'ns su-
  With wond'rous power to men:
The seas, and earth, and fluid air
Are all thy works; thus wond'rous fair,
  Thyself how wond'rous then!
Thou crown'st the day with thy great light,
Thy lesser rules the sable night,
  In endless circles hurl'd:
Thou wast in Heav'n forever known,
Where thou art hymn'd around thy throne,
  Now in thy lower world,
Speak ye aloud who best can tell,
Ye sons of light, and all that dwell
  In Heav'n or earth below;
Ye angels fair, celestial bright,
Let his praise be your chief delight,
  And endless honors show.

Fair star, last in the train of night,
Forerunner sure, of coming light,
And rosy dappled morn,
Sound thou his praise at early hour,
And tell his works and wond'rous power
To nations yet unborn.
Thou sun, now rising, king of day,
Amidst thy luminous display,
Sound thou his name sublime,
Who out of darkness call'd up light
And bade thee end the frown of night
And thy bright beams to shine.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun,
And changing in thy circle run,
And shed thy paler rays,
And all ye twinkling gems of Heav'n,
While ye adorn its arch at even,
Join in your Maker's praise.
Ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Ye swelling tides, that ebb and flow,
Melod'ous murmurs sing:
Ye flocks that graze the mountain's brow,
Ye lofty pines, with verdant bough,
Your mutual tribute bring:
And all ye tribes that soar in air,
With wings unfurl'd and plumage fair,
Bear in your notes his praise:
And ye that in the waters glide,
And all that walk or creep beside,
Join the great hymn to raise.

Hail gen'ral Sire, be bounteous still
To give us good; and if of ill
  The night have gathered aught,
Disperse it, now, as light the dark,
And to us e'er thy gifts impart,
  Altho' we merit naught."
So pray'd they to the God of light,
And to their thoughts recover'd quite
  Firm peace and wonted cheer;
And to their daily labor haste,
While yet fresh morn fair Eden grac'd,
  And glow'd through ether clear.
Them thus employ'd great God beheld,
  High 'thron'd in realms of bliss;
And to him he call'd Raphael
  And gave him message this:
"Raphael, thou know'st what stir below
  Satan, from Hell escap'd,
Hath rais'd, and what a dreadful wo
  Is plotting now of late:
Go, half this day, as friend with friend,
  Converse with Adam there,
In whate'er grove or shade thou find,
  Or in his bower fair;
Tell him what en'my lies in wait,
  Tell why he means him ill;
Advise him of his happy state,
  Left free to his own will;
Lest when accus'd, he should defend
  For such by nature form'd,
That he surprisal should pretend,
  That he was unforewarn'd."

So spake th' eternal Prince of light,
As future ill perceiv'd;
Nor long delay'd the seraph bright
After his charge receiv'd;
But, as due honors paid, low bow'd
In full celestial state,
And up light thro' the shining crowd
Made to the heav'nly gate,
Which, of itself, flew open wide,
Being turn'd on hinges gold,
Back to the wall of Heaven inside
Forming a double fold:
From thence through th' ether fields he flew
With swift cherubic flight,
Till earth far off, first faint in view,
And Eden next in sight,
Now on a sicamore he lights,
As feather'd songsters do,
And seem'd to all a phœnix bright,
If e'er a phœnix knew:
Then from the tree, upon the ground
He stood and shook his plumes,
The heav'nly fragrance spread around,
The circuit wide perfumes;
And on his high behest he went
The sloping woodlands through
His way to Adam's bower he bent,
Which soon appear'd in view.
The sun now, with more fervent heat,
Had gain'd his highest noon;
With rays direct on Eden beat
To warm Earth's inmost womb:

The grazing flocks forsook the meads
To shun his potent rays,
More warmth than Eve or Adam needs,
And birds suspend their lays:
And Adam from this parching heat
Retired into his bow'r,
While Eve, within, on mossy seat,
Adam sat in the door,
And looking eastward through the trees,
At first but dim discerns,
Then fair his heavenly shape he sees;
An angel soon he learns.
Then to his bride: "Haste hither, Eve,
And worth thy sight behold,
Eastward, a stranger, through the trees,
With wings tinged with gold:
One of the Heav'nly host 't must be,
And by his gait I find
None of the meaner sort is he,
But of superior kind:
Some great behest perhaps he brings
From th' heav'nly courts above;
Or of the band that nightly sings
Our great Creator's love:
Perhaps of doubt our minds he'll clear,
Concerning thy late dream,
And chase away corroding fear,
And make what's dark light seem:
Him not t' offend I'll go and meet,
While thou to dine prepare:
Perhaps he'll deign with us to eat
Of fruits of human fare:

Go, then, and what thy stores contain,
Forth in abundance bring:
The mellow grape's soft juices drain,
The gourd shell store it in;
For well our givers may we afford
What they themselves have giv'n;
So largely spread th' unsparing board
To feast our guest from Heav'n:
We'll large bestow, from large bestow'd,
For here abundance flows;
Ease nature of her fruitful load
And she more fruitful grows."
To whom thus Eve, submiss, replied:
"Adam, what fruits I know
Have richest taste, for all I've tried,
E'en all in Eden grow;
I'll therefore haste t' each bough and brake,
Each plant and juic'est gourd,
And gather up both small and great,
And heap this frugal board:
That when partook by th' angel guest,
If such to him be giv'n,
He shall to us, indeed, confess
God's bounteous here 's in Heaven."
So saying, with despatchful look,
She turn'd without delay,
And to the groves herself betook,
To bear their fruits away;
And strove to mix not ill join'd taste,
But to uphold the change,
By bringing taste sweet after taste,
And order due arrange:

So gathered up of all the fruit
That from the earth e'er grew,
Of such as would her palate suit
Of each she took a few:
Some in smooth rind, some in rough,
Some on stock, on stem,
Some tender shell'd and some were tough,
Bearded were some of them:
And heap'd, with an unsparing hand,
Her table, rais'd with turf,
With various fruits of all the land,
Nor fear'd of pinching dirth:
Then she from the sweet kernels press'd
Tempers her dulcet creems;
The grape, for drink, she chooses best,
Prefer'd to crystal streams.
Mean while our primitive great sire
Went forth his guest to meet,
Without more train or rich attire
Than innocence complete;
Within himself was all his state,
No pompous train attend;
More solemn than the crowd of great
That false applause pretend:
Nearer his presence now approach'd,
Nor at his presence aw'd;
But bowing low, with meekness spoke
To th' angel of the Lord:
"Native of Heav'n, for earth contains
No such glorious shape,
Since now descended to these plains,
Wilt thou with us partake?

To yonder bower, wilt thou repair
And pass these sultry hours,
Till evening shades bring cooler air
T' refresh again the flowers?"
To whom the angel answer'd kind:
" Adam, I therefore came,
Nor art thou formed such, I find,
T' enjoy this spacious plain,
As may not angels oft invite,
Tho' of superior grade:
Lead on, then, to yonder in sight,
To where thy bower o'erspreads."
So to the sylvan lodge arriv'd,
Where Eve due at her hour,
To entertain her guest contriv'd,
Had strew'd his way with flowers,
On whom the angel hail bestow'd,
As since on Mary blest:
" Hail, mother of mankind." And show'd
Himself a willing guest:
" Thy fruitful womb shall fill the earth
With sons innumerable;
More men of thee'll receive their birth
Than fruits upon this table."
High heap'd their table was with fruit,
And mossy seats had round,
And from their floor fresh flowers shoot,
For 'twas the fruitful ground:
Awhile discourse they had; no fear
Lest dinner should grow cold:
While he attention fix'd to hear
Whate'er the angel told;

But shortly, thus, invited him :
" Stranger from highest Heaven :
Please taste the fruits that earth doth bring,
By God so freely given ;
From whom descends all perfect good,
To us unmeasur'd out,
Caus'd earth to yield these fruits for food,
That crowns the year throughout ;
Unsav'ry food, perhaps, to thee,
But only this I know,
One great Giver to all gives free
In Heav'n or earth below."
To whom the angel thus repli'd :
" He's bounteous here, indeed,
With blessings large thou art suppli'd,
And on his bounty feed :
Yet here so mix'd with Heav'n t' compare
As better relish'd thrice,
Receiv'd by angels, fitter fare :
So taste I'll not be nice."
So down they sat, nor more delay'd,
And at their viands fell ;
Nor he no court-bred gloss display'd,
But seem'd to relish well,
As if with sharpen'd appetite,
With keen despatch he ate,
'S if real hunger did him invite
Of earthly fruits t' partake :
While Eve at table naked serv'd,
Their goblets flowing fill'd
With liquor choice, by her preserv'd,
Fruit of the vine untill'd.

If ever, then the sons of light
  Might there have been excus'd
To've been enamor'd at the sight,
  Tho' justice stern refus'd.
No veil she needed; virtue proof,
  No shame, no evil known:
Sin had no place under their roof,
  No nakedness had shown.
When from their rich repast they rose;
  Nor burthen'd with excess:
Sudden mind in Adam rose
  To ask his angel guest
Concerning things of Heav'n above:
  Why angels thence descend,
Why he, blest with God's fervent love,
  Might not to Heav'n ascend.
Raphael's excellence he see
  So far transcends his own,
That Heav'n far earth exceeds, thought he,
  E'en Eden all in bloom.
And thus to him our gen'ral sire
  His wary speech thus form'd;
Eager t' improve this time t' inquire,
  Thus at high matter aim'd:
"Stranger from Heav'n, full well I know
  This honor done to man,
Since thou hast deign'd to come below
  And leave the heav'nly band,
And sit and taste this earthly fare,
  That 'll not in Heav'n grow;
Not angel's food; but what compare,
  As yet accepted so."

To whom the hierarch repli'd :
" But one almighty is,
And none in Heav'n or earth besides
Hath e'er such power as his,
From whom all things whate'er descends,
And up to him return,
If not deprav'd from good, or tend
To naught, as thou shalt learn :
From matter first created all
With various forms endu'd,
Var'ous degrees, as great and small,
Of substance, as here view'd ;
Diff'rent degrees of things that live,
Of life, but more refin'd :
T' each seeming want he'll freely give,
Alike to each he's kind :
Some more, as nearer to him plac'd,
And nearer to him tend ;
But each in his own sphere is grac'd
Till flesh with spirit blend.
So from the ro[illegible] the green stalks spring,
From thence the airy leaves ;
Lest the consumal flowers it brings,
Od'rous spirits breathes :
These man's nourishment aspire,
By gradual scale sublim'd
To animal to intellect entire,
Gave life and sense refin'd ;
From whence the soul reason receives ;
Reason her being is,
If sound, with virtue sole agrees ;
Discoursive 'r intuitive :

Discourse I find is oftest yours,
The latter most is ours,
Differing in degree, be sure,
In kind the same its powers:
Then wonder not at all at me
If I do not refuse
What God for you saw good to be
Unveil'd to your view.
The time, perhaps, may come ere late,
When men, though mortal kind,
With angels may participate,
And proper diet find:
Our bodies all to spirits turn,
From this corpor'al food,
And, wing'd, to Heaven ascend and learn
Of God all-wise and good,
Or may at will on earth remain,
Where fruits so sweet abound,
If ye his love entire retain
And be obedient found:
Meanwhile enjoy your present fill
Of earth's delicious store,
This happiness unmix'd with ill,
Incapable of more."
To whom the patriarch repli'd:
"Historian divine,
Full well thou hast the way prescrib'd
That might direct my mind,
Well hast thou taught the way direct
That has to knowledge led,
And the great scale of nature set,
Whereon by steps to tread,

And thus to God ascending bound,
  But why that caution? say,
'If ye obedient be found:'
  Explain me this, I pray:
But can we want obedience then,
  Or we his love make naught,
And yet to us such blessings send?
  My soul abhors the thought."
To whom the angel, thus again:
  "Son of earth and Heav'n,
Attend, while I this thing explain,
  In words but few 'tis giv'n.
That thou art happy, owe to God,
  Whose progeny ye are,
Who spread you ether fields abroad,
  And lit each twinkling star,
If happy thou remain to be,
  That to thyself may owe:
Such is thy state, 'tis left with thee
  To work thy bliss or wo:
God made thee perfect and upright,
  But not immutable,
And good he made thee, just and right,
  And to obey made able;
But to preserve, remains with thee,
  T' enjoy thy present state,
Ordain'd thy will, by nature free,
  Not over rul'd by fate:
And he requires our service free,
  We therefore are not bound;
Or how could souls e'er tried be
  To see if willing found?

Myself, with others round the throne,
By firm obedience stand
Like thee, on other surely none
Of all the heav'nly land:
Freely we serve, and freely love
The great high king of all,
Freely obey our God above;
In this we stand or fall:
And some, indeed, from Heav'n *have* fell
To regions far below,
From highest Heav'n to deepest Hell,
A place of pain and wo."
To whom our great progenitor;
"O heav'nly teacher dear,
I thy instructive voice prefer
To ev'ning music clear,
And listen with far more delight,
And to thy words attend,
Than when cherubic songs by night
Aerial music send:
Nor knew I not, indeed, to be,
Until I heard the tell,
Both will and deed created free,
To stand or fall at will:
Yet that we ne'er forget, I trust,
To love our God, I pray,
Whose sole command is yet so just,
So easy to obey.
But what thou tell'st of things above,
Of what hath passed there,
Anxious desires within me move,
The whole account to hear:

And we've large time for the discourse,
For see the sun, true time,
But just hath finished half his course,
And scarce begins t' decline:
Him and yon western clift thou seest,
Large space is left between,
Nearly as large as 'twixt the east
Where first his rays are seen."
Thus he requested th' heav'nly son,
Who, when he'd paus'd awhile,
To him assenting, thus begun,
Without a frown or smile:
"High matter thou enjoin'st on me,
Adam, O prime of men;
Sad task and hard it must needs be
T' unfold to human ken:
But thou attend while I relate,
Not else but for thy good,
The waring spirits' hapless fate,
Though glorious while they stood;
Nor shall I aught in Heav'n conceal,
Of secrets bad or good;
Perhaps not lawful to reveal
The fall of those once good;
Yet for thy good this is dispens'd:
May profit thee to know;
And what surmounts thy human sense
I shall delineate so,
By likening things in Heav'n high,
To things on earth below,
Comparing earth to Heav'n, shall try
Things there plainer to show.

Ere Earth was made, and Chaos wild
Reign'd where these Heav'ns now roll,
Where earth rests, on her centre pil'd,
Midway betwixt each pole;
When all th' angelic hosts of Heav'n,
Summon'd before the throne,
Innum'rable as stars at even,
Forthwith in order come
Under their hierarchies bright,
Obedient to the call,
Before th' eternal Prince of light
Appear'd both great and small:
Now when in glittering orbs they'd come,
The Father infinite,
By whom imbosom'd sat the Son,
From his high throne, thus spake.
'Hear, all ye progeny of light,
Thrones, Princedoms, Virtues bright,
Ye angels, my decree,
Which unrevok'd shall ever stand;
Whom ye behold at my right hand,
he same your head shall be;
For I, this day, him have begot,
And ye before him hither brought,
Whom I declare my Son;
And by myself have sworn that all
In Heav'n, on bended knee shall fall
Before him, every one:

Under his great vicegerent reign
Abide united, and remain
  Happy eternally:
And he who keeps his just commands
Keeps mine,; nor happy longer stands,
  But straight expell'd shall be.'
Thus th' almighty Father these,
  Thus peremptory dropp'd;
And with his words all seem'd well pleas'd,
  All seem'd; but all were not;
That day as other days they spent
  In mirth and dance and song,
Around the sacred steep ascent,
  Till evening now came on,
(For we have also eve and morn,
  We ours for change, not need,)
When forthwith all from dance or song
  Turn to repast with speed,
And all in circles as they stood,
  Tables are set and pil'd
With sweet ambrosia, angels' food,
  In golden vessels smil'd:
On flowers reclin'd they drink and eat,
  And with fresh flow'rets crown'd:
And from repast they turn to sleep;
  So pass th' eternal round.
Now night ambrosial o'er the face
  Of Heav'n her mantle spread,
And wide o'er all celestial space
  Her roseate dews shed;

When all th' angelic hosts were laid
  By living stream asleep,
Among the trees of life, that shade
  Their glittering tents complete,
And all repose save only one,
  Satan, so now call him,
His former name in Heav'n not known
  Since his incursive sin:
He who, 'f the chief archangel band
  Conceiv'd enormous sin
Against th' unalt'rable command
  Concerning this new King;
Could not bear thro' pride the sight,
  And thought himself impair'd,
Conceiving malice thence and spite,
  Disdain'd what God declare'd;
And now embracing midnight hours,
  Friendless to sweet repose,
Resolv'd with all his num'rous pow'rs
  This late decree t' oppose;
And to his next subordinate,
  As yet unstain'd with crime,
Awaking, thus in secret spake
  Of this his bold design.
'Sleep'st thou, companion dear?' said he,
  'Can night sleep to thee bring?
And yet rememb'rest what decree
  Hath pass'd the great high King:
New laws thou seest him impose,
  New laws from him so rife
New minds in us who serve may raise;
  More in this place unsafe;

Assemble all our legions bright,
Tell them that by command,
Ere yet hath fled the shades of light,
All our angelic band
Must haste t' the north with speedy wing,
Where we awhile must dwell,
And there prepare to receive our King,
The new Immanuel.'
So spake the false arch angel bad,
And int' th' unwary breast
Of his compeers he fixed sad
Bad influence unblest:
He calls together, quick as thought,
All of his regent pow'rs,
Tells the fictitious cause as taught,
That while these midnight hours,
The hierarchal standard was
T' the north to haste one day,
There from their King t' receive new laws,
And there fit honors pay.
So all obey'd their potentate,
For high was his decree,
Who over hosts of spirits great
Maintain'd supremacy:
His count'nance, bright as morning skies,
Or chief of stars at even,
Drew after him by fictious lies
Third of the sons of Heav'n:
Yet now th' eternal eye, whose sight
Discerns abstrusest things,
From forth his mount with glory bright
Beheld th' enormous sins,

Rebellion rising, and how spread,
By whom was kindl'd first,
And smiling, to his Son thus said,
(Foreseeing Satan's worst:)
'Son, nearly now it doth concern
Us to be sure 'f our might,
And with what arms we mean to hold
What has been e'er our right,
For such a foe intends a throne
Equal, indeed, to ours,
Throughout the regions of the north,
With all his num'rous powers;
Nor no content, hath in his thoughts,
So high has grown his spite,
To try in battle dubious,
What's our power and right,
Let us oppose his mad career
With what our force is left,
Lest unawares we lose this hill
And of our throne bereft.'
To whom the Son with aspect clear
And calm, lightning divine:
Justly dost thou deride thy foes
And laugh'st at their design;
Matter to me of glory bright,
Whom they the most deride,
When they shall see all regal power
Giv'n me to quell their pride.'
Thus he; but Satan with his host
Was far advanc'd with speed,
Under the cover of dun night
To hide so foul a deed.

Immence regencies through they past,
Cherubic regencies,
Regions of thrones and potentates
In their tripple degrees:
At length far to the north arriv'd,
And satan on his seat,
High on a throne glitt'ring with gold,
T' his pow'rs prepar'd to speak:
'Thrones and denominations, pow'rs,
If these titles remain,
Or yet not merely titular,
Since now another name
Hath to himself engross'd all pow'r,
And us eclipsed quite
Under the name of annointed King;
For whom this march by night
And hurried meeting to debate
What preparations made
T' receive him coming t' receive from us
Knee tribute, yet unpaid,
Prostration vile, too much to one,
But double, how endur'd?
He equal honors will demand,
Of this we are assured:
But what if counsels diff'rent might
Our understandings ope,
And make us laws our own, and teach
Us to cast off this yoke.
Will ye, indeed, submit your necks
And bend the supple knee?
Ye will not, if I know ye right,
Or if yourselves know ye

Natives of Heav'n, and if not all
Equal, yet all are free,
For orders high, or dignities
Jar not with liberty.'
Thus far his bold discourse was heard,
When upstood Abdiel;
Who 'mong the spirits none than he
Serv'd with more fervent zeal.
'O argument blasphemous, false,
Words which in Heav'n no ear,
From thee, or seraph high or low,
Ever expected t' hear.
Canst thou condemn God's just decree,
That to his Son shall be
Subjected every soul in Heav'n
And to him bend the knee?
Unjust, thou say'st, flatly unjust,
To bind with laws the free,
And equals over equals reign,
And all one's servants be:
Wilt thou, blasphemous rebel, then
Thy laws to God impart?
Dispute the point of liberty
Who made thee what thou art?
Yet by experience taught, we know
How provident is he,
How far to make us happy less,
But more to bless us he;
But grant it, tho' unjust, that one
O'er equals monarch reign,
Would'st thou with these reckon thyself,
Though great in Heavn thy name,

Equal with him, begotten Son?
And crown'd with honors free,
By whom th' almighty Father made
All things, made even thee,
All the seraphim of Heav'n,
And them with glory crown'd:
And all honors unto him paid,
To us again redound;
So cease thou then this impious rage;
Nor more with fraud tempt these,
But hasten to th' incensed throne,
Thy Father to appease,
And humbly bow and sue for grace,
While pardon may be found
In time besought; lest by his ire
He e'er on thee frown.'
So spake the fervent angel good;
But none his advocate;
None seconded his fervent zeal,
Too bold, or rash, or late;
Whereat rejoiced the haughty saint,
So strengthen'd more in pride,
To find unmov'd his rebel host,
And thus more fierce repli'd:
That we created were, say'st thou,
By Son and Father too,
The work of secondary hands,
Strange point, indeed, and new! learn'd,
Doctrine which we would know whence
Who saw when was all this,
Remember'st thou when thou wast made
And damn'd to endless bliss?

We know no time when we were not,
No time when not as now;
And if by any means were form'd
We would, indeed, know how:
No; none before us, self-begat
By our own quick'ning pow'r,
What time the birth nature were free,
So since e'er from that hour.
Our power our own: our own right hand
Shall teach us higher deed,
Then thou shalt know if we intend
Address, or to besiege
Th' Almighty's throne. Thou this report
To the annointed King,
And thither fly in haste, ere ill
Shall intercept thy wing.'
So spake the false dissembling saint,
And all applaud his name;
Nor less for that the seraph's zeal,
But thus to him again:
'Oh wretched alienate from God,
Forsaken of all good,
I see thy fall determined
With these that upright stood:
Henceforth no more be troubled how
To quit the debt you owe;
Now is decreed without recall
Thy never-ending wo:
Well thou didst advise, yet not
For thy advice I flee,
But lest God's wrath distinguish not,
And me destroy with thee,

For soon expect impending wrath
Will be thy wretched fate
Then who created thee thou'lt know
And who can uncreate.'
So spake the seraph Abdiel good,
Among the faithless found,
And th' only one among the false,
Remain'd with virtues sound:
When from amidst them forth he past,
Long way through hostile scorn,
Which he sustained devoid of fear,
Nor of his faith forlorn,
And with retorted scorn he turn'd
His back on those proud tow'rs
That now to swift destruction doom,
With all th' unfaithful powers.
Thro' Heav'n's wide champaign unpurs.
The angel all night long,
With swift aerial angel flight,
Pursu'd his way till morn;
When thick embattled squadrons bright,
Charriots and seraphs arm'd,
And fiery steeds, first met his view;
For war ready alarm'd,
And found already known, what he
For news had thought to tell;
And glad he mingl'd with those powers
Who high applaud him well,
And on they lead him to the hill,
Before the seat supreme,
Present him th' only faithful 'mong
Innumerable unclean;

When from amidst a golden cloud,
Wherein the Almighty sate,
High on his throne, eternal King,
A voice thus mildly spake:
'Well done, servant of God, well hast
Thou fought the better fight,
Who single hast maintain'd with zeal
The cause of truth and right,
Against revolted multitudes,
Who all judged thee perverse;
But well thou bore their foul reproach,
To bear than force far worse;
The easier conquest now remains,
For all this host with thee
Back on thy foes more glorious
Than scorn'd thou didst them flee.
Go, Michael, prince of armies bright,
Chief of th' angelic train,
And Gabriel next in power clad,
These disobedient tame;
Lead forth my sons innumerable,
By millions arm'd for fight,
More numerous than the rebel host
That disregards our right;
And them with hostile arms assault,
Undaunted courage show,
And drive them out from God and bliss
Into their place of wo.'
So spake th' eternal sovereign voice,
And clouds 'gan dark the hill,
And smoke to roll in dusky wreaths
And Heav'n's wide circuit fill;

Nor with less dread th' etherial trump
Began to blow on high;
At which the pow'rs that faithful stood,
Quick to their standards fly,
And form their ranks high in the air,
Upborne with nimble tread,
And tow'rds the north begin to move
On by their chieftains led,
And over many a tract they march,
And many a province wide,
Tenfold the length of this terrene
And starry cope beside;
At length far in the north appear'd,
From skirt to skirt outspread,
A fiery legion in parade,
With horrid weapons dread,
Hast'ning on with furious rage,
For they by fight, or fraud,
Or by surprise, had thought that day
To win the mount of God;
But all their thoughts prov'd fond and vain:
Tho' strange and hardly right
It seem'd at first, for us to war,
And in fierce boastings fight,
Who wont so oft to meet in love
And festivals of joy,
And t' hymn th' eternal Father's name
Our cheerful notes employ.
But shouts of battle now began
And drown'd each milder thought;
For now night to the foe advanc'd
Into close quarters brought,

And Satan, ere the battle join'd,
With ostentation bold,
And haughty strides came tow'ring arm'd
With adamant and gold.
Abdiel could not that sight endure,
'Mong mighti'st where he stood,
But thus his own undaunted heart
Explores the seraph good.
O that such splendor should remain
Where faith and reality
Do not, not fail where virtue fails,
Or weak and feeble be;
His power, trusting in th' Almighty's aid,
I mean to try in fight,
Whose reason I have tri'd in word
Unsound, and false, and light.'
So said, and from his armed peers
Forth stepping opposite,
Half way th' undaunted foe unmov'd,
He thus defying met:
'Proudly thy hopes were to have reach'd
Thy most aspiring height
Unmolested, the throne of God,
And put his side to flight;
O fool to think God could not raise
Incessant armies bright,
From smallest things, to overthrow
Thy folly and thy might,
Or reaching beyond all limit
With solitary hand
Unaided could have finish'd thee
And ruin'd all thy band:

But thou seest all are not thy train;
These be who faith prefer,
Tho' invisible were to thee
When thou so much did'st err.'
To whom the foe with scornful mien.
'Thou wast the first, indeed,
That fled from my prevailing arm,
And shelter sought with speed;
Now well thou com'st before thy peers,
Some plume from me to wrest,
That thy success to them may show
Destruction to the rest:
This pause between to let thee know,
To battle ere we come
At first I thought that liberty
To heav'nly souls all one;
But now I see that most through sloth
Had rather serve, tho' rong,
Minist'ring spirits high enthron'd,
Trained up in feast and song.'
To whom thus Abdiel stern repli'd:
'But, Satan, still thou err'st
Nor end of erring wilt thou find,
But still in error worse;
This then thou namest servitude,
To serve whom God ordains,
When he who reigns is worthiest,
And just our service claims.
This is servitude t' serve th' unwise,
Or him who hath rebell'd,
As thine now thee, thyself not free,
But to thyself enthrall'd;

Reign, thou Apostate, reign in Hell;
  But let me serve in Heav'n,
And God's divine behest obey,
  To whom be honors given.'
This said, a noble stroke he rais'd,
  Nor stay'd, but on his crest
With swift impending fury fell,
  Nigh buried in his chest:
Ten paces huge he back recoil'd;
  The tenth on bended knee
His pond'rous massy spear upstay'd,
  Huge as a massy tree:
As if on earth winds under ground,
  Or waters forcing way,
Had push'd a mountain from his seat,
  Half sunk in ruin lay.
Amazement seiz'd the rebel thrones,
  But greater rage to see
Thus foil'd their mighty, boasting chief,
  And far from victory;
But ours joy fill'd, and fierce desire
  The battle to begin;
Whereat Michael bid sound the trump,
  Which made th' empyrean ring:
Hosannahs shouted all our host:
  Nor stood at gaze th' untrue
But straight to join the horrid shock,
  Like jangling furies flew.

Now storming fury clam'rous rose,
As heard in Heav'n till now
Was never; arms on armour clash'd
Round each undaunted brow;
And madding wheels of charriot rag'd,
With brazen fury driv'n,
And fiery darts in volies flew,
And shields on shields were riv'n,
And angel on arch-angel fall'n,
Together rag'd with pain;
So dreadful under fiery cope
Both battles rag'd amain:
With dreadful rage all Heav'n resounded,
Nor one the cause forsook,
And if Earth had been then, all Earth
Had to her centre shook.
Deeds of eternal fame were done,
For wide indeed they swing
Some times on ground a standing fight,
Then soaring on main wing,
Tormenting all the air, which now
Seemed a conflicting fire,
Long time in even scale it hung,
Alike with dreadful ire:
Till Satan raging through th' attack
Of fighting seraphim,
At length saw where Michael's sword
Legions at once had slain,
And such destruction to withstand
And check the horrid slant,
In haste opposed the rocky orb
Of tenfold adamant,

His ample shield, a firm defence:
At which the angel good
From his warlike labors surceas'd,
And firm before him stood,
And glad as hoping here to end
Intestine war in Heav'n,
The foe subdu'd, or captive chain'd,
Or to perdition driv'n,
And he in haste to sheathe his sword
After his labor done,
With hostile frown and vissage all
Inflam'd thus first begun:
'Dissembler false, author 'f evil
Till thy revolt unknown,
How plenteous, as thou seest, these acts
To hateful strife have grown;
How hast thou troubled sacred peace,
And into nature brought
Misery, created by thy crime,
And these rebellion taught,
Once upright and faithful found,
But now prov'd false, like thee,
And by my arm o'erthrown and foil'd
Their splendor wan I see;
Think not to trouble holy rest;
Heav'n shall cast thee out
From her confines, to regions dark;
With thy rebellious rout.
Hence, then, and evil go with thee
Along, thy offspring foul,
Unto the place of evil, Hell,
And there thy moanings loud,

There feast thy pride, and stir up hate,
Ere I thy doom begin,
Or sudden vengeance wing'd from God
Shall plunge thee headlong in.'
So said, and thus the foe with rage,
As flaming Ætna hot:
'Think not with wind of airy threats
To awe whom arms could not.
Thou hast not turn'd the least of these
To flight, or if to fall,
But that they rise unvanquish'd soon.
And brave thy legions all;
Err not that so shall end the strife
Which thou so evil call,
But I the strife of glory name,
And so my legions all;
Which we intend to win this day,
And that as may we well;
Or turn this Heav'n itself so blest
Into thy fabled Hell;
So join t' thy aid thy utmost pow'rs
And him Almighty nam'd,
I fly not, but have sought thee arm'd,
And have thy best sustain'd.'
This said, and both for combat dread
Their weapons high upreach'd;
One fatal stroke t' each other aim'd
That need not repeat;
But Michael's sword, heav'nly temper'd,
With huge two handed sway
Descending with impetuous force,
So wont its foes to slay,

Met Satan's with a horrid din,
But light obstruction found,
Sheering, deep shar'd his shielded side
And brought him to the ground;
Heels up he lay and kick'd with rag
And gnash'd his teeth with pain:
Whereat Michael another clew
And cleft one foot in twain!
Nor has it grown together yet,
Tho' heal'd; but cloven still,
A mark perhaps to keep in mind
The day of Michael's skill;
For on this day he first knew pain,
And writh'd him to and fro
Convolv'd; so sore the griding sword
Gash'd him and taught him wo:
Forthwith on all sides to his aid
His rebel comrads run,
Who interpos'd desperate defence,
T' avenge what had been done;
While others bore him on their shields
From off the files of war,
And laid him in his charriot,
Now gnashing anguish for,
To find himself thus overmatch'd
And humbl'd so his pride,
By such rebuke severe, far worse
Than all his pain besides;
Yet soon he heal'd; for spirits that live
Vital in every part;
Not as frail man in entrails, head,
Liver, or reins, or heart,

Canst but b' annihilating die,
Nor mortal wound can bear
In their liquid textures, no more
Than can the fluid air:
All heart they live, all head, all eye,
All intellect, all ear,
And as they please they limb themselves,
And any shape appear.
Meanwhile in other parts were wrought
Deeds of eternal fame,
Where the might of Gabriel fought
And throned demons slain;
Among them, Moloch, furious king,
The fate of Satan shar'd,
Down cleft t' the waist fled bellowing;
Nor swift retreat he spar'd;
Ariel, Adrimeleck, and Peor,
And Arioch shar'd like fate,
And thousands more by doom severe,
Too num'rous to relate.
Now quell'd their chief the battle stay'd,
With many an inroad thin.
And heaps on heaps their armory laid,
Seraph and seraphim.
Now night, in Heav'n, her course begun,
And grateful truce impos'd,
And silenc'd battle's horrid din,
And dreadful havoc clos'd;
And Michael's host unsoiled found
Camp'd on the foughten field,
And placed in guards their watches round,
With forted spear and shield:

But Satan, far into the dark,
With his rebellious ranks,
And arm'ry riv'n in ev'ry part,
Retir'd with galled flanks,
And called to council under shade
Of night each potentate,
And in their midst thus undismay'd
Without prefacing spake:
'Now tri'd in arms, companions dear,
In arms our power now known,
Not overpower'd in battles drear
Nor yet by force o'erthrown,
Who have sustain'd with matchless might
All Heav'n had forth to send
One day, which if in doubtful strife,
Why not days without end.
True is indeed less firmly arm'd
Some disadvantage small
We did endure, tho' slightly harm'd,
But yet no loss at all:
Perhaps when next we meet again
Better weapons than those
May better serve us to maintain
Our ground what tho' oppose;
Or equal what between us made
The odds, in nature none,
This let 's consult, while yet the shade
Of night be o'er us thrown.'
This he, and sat, nor further said
And next Nisroah arose,
Of princes bad, a chief that led
Legions of rebel foes.

'Hard with unequal arms to fight
Against our foes in pain;
Not better arm'd, no more their might,
Nor could advantage gain:
Who can th' invention find for war,
Whereby to worse our foes,
To me deserves no less than for
Deliverance for what we owe.'
This said whereto Satan again:
'That uninvented thing,
Which thou aright believ'st so main
To our success I bring;
For which of us that does behold,
Of all these heav'nly pow'rs,
The face of this ethereous mould,
Adorn'd with plants and flow'rs:
And does not mind from whence they grow,
From beds down under ground
Materials crude, not far below,
So easy to be found,
Of spiritous and fiery spume,
Till touch'd with Heaven's ray,
And mingled so as shall consume,
And sudden flames display,
Which into engines, long and round,
Thick ramm'd at th' other bore,
With slight'st touch of fire shall drown'd
All Heav'n with horrid roar,
And dreadful implement shall send
From far among our foes,
And to distructive ruin send
Whoever durst oppose.

Meanwhile revive abandon'd fear,
To strength and council join'd
Think nothing hard; but cheer
This sinking hope forlorn'd.'
This said, and from debate they flew
Innum'rable to toil,
And in a moment quick upthrew
Wide the celestial soil,
And nitrous foam beneath they found,
Sulphur in bed or vein,
Which they by subtle art compound,
And form to blackest grain;
Part hidden ore of min'rals crude,
They dig in narrow vein,
Whereof to found their engines huge
And balls of massive ruin:
And part incentive reed provide,
One end with fire they light.
So all was finish'd unespi'd
Under the shade of night.
And now when morn in Heav'n upsprung,
Up rose the victor host,
And t' arms the matin trumpet sung
Thro' all th' empyrean coast;
And scouts each way the search began
Where to descry the foe,
When soon, they meet the rebel band
Onward now moving slow;
When Zaphiel back through ether sky,
O'er provinces wide,
Came flying in mid air on high,
And thus aloud he cried:

'Arm, arm, warriors, instant arm,
The rebel foe at hand!
Our distant files with speed alarm,
Alarm the valiant band;
The foe is nigh, we though him fled,
He'll save us long pursuit;
Wide o'er the fields his banners spread,
And vengeance in his look:
Let each his flinty coat gird well,
Fit well his helm and shield,
And drive his forces back to Hell;
In triumph take the field.'
So warn'd he them, themselves aware
And quick they onward go,
Into the field, in columns square
To meet the stubborn foe:
Him soon they meet, in vengeance clad,
In firm battalion nigh,
Each a dolorous weapon had,
Their new ones could not spy;
In hollow cube slow pace they keep,
Empal'd on every side,
And with broad spreading squadrons deep,
With dev'lish fraud to hide.
The face to face both stood; nor heard
Each other give command,
Till suddenly, at head appeared
Prince of the rebel band
Who, with voice ostentatious bold
To vanguard gives command:
'To right and left the front uphold,
And show what here we've plann'd

To teach our foes we earnest seek
  Peace and soft composure,
Or now stand ready them to meet
  If pleased with the overture;
But this I doubt: but witness Heaven,
  While we our part discharge,
Do ye as charge to you is giv'n;
  Touch th' engines, small and large,
And send our terms to Heav'n's far bound,
  And loud that all may hear,
That who receive will feel a wound,
  However far or near.'
So ended he his scornfull speech;
  And quick the front retir'd
To either flank, with speedy feet,
  And heart with vengeance fir'd;
Which quick to us the cheat disclos'd,
  An object strange and new,
Pillars on wheels in tripple rose,
  Large, long, and hollow, too:
Their hideous mouths gap'd on us wide,
  Protending hollow truce,
While Satan in his highest pride,
  Let all his malice loose;
While we suspense collected stood,
  Within our thoughts amus'd,
Strange things, by us not understood,
  Or what could be their use;
But short was our amazement quite,
  For soon seraphim tall
Their reeds put forth with magic slight,
  At narrow vent let fall:

All Heav'n appear'd at once in flame ;
But soon with smoke obscur'd ;
Now all our force of arms in vain,
Tho' now to arms inured,
For from these dev'lish engines belch'd,
As though loud thunders spoke,
Iron hail and thunderbolts,
And all our ranks soon broke ;
So swiftly thrown and aimed well,
That none they hit could stand,
Tho' standing else like rocks ; now fell
By thousands through our band,
And angel on arch-angel roll'd,
While arms and shield they broke :
And those unhurt at will patroll'd
To shun repeated stroke :
Satan high pleas'd beheld our flight,
And to his mate thus cried :
'O why not now these victors smite
And quell their haughty pride,
For we our terms of peace have sent,
And some received them well ;
Others flew off and high resent
What our messengers tell.'
To whom Belial : 'The terms we sent
Were terms of force and weight,
And well urg'd home, of hard contents
And stumbled many of late ;
This gift they have besides, in flight
Thro' all their ranks, they show
Us when our foes walk not upright
But in strange vag'ries go.'

Thus they alike in gamesome mood
Stood scoffing th' upright at,
And had in mind beyond all doubt
Eternal might to match;
But they not long thus stood in jeer;
Rage prompted them at length,
And found them arms fit to oppose
The rebel angels' strength.
For to the seated hills they flew,
Which loos'ning to and fro,
Quickly upplucked by the roots
And on their en'mys throw,
And bury deep their engines huge;
Themselves escaped none,
For next they saw on their own heads
Main promontories flung,
And overwhelm'd whole legions armed,
Pent in a gloomy den,
And long they struggled ere they found
Their passage out again:
And now ensued wild work in Heav'n
And dangerous to the main;
To fight with hills in this uproar
War seem'd a civil game.
And now all Heav'n had gone to wreck,
With ruin overspread,
Had not th' eternal King foreseen
This tumult wild and dread,
And all permitted to fulfill
His purpose and design
In honoring his only Son
Above all angels prime,

And to him thus in glory spake:
'My Son, two days are spent
Since Michael with his num'rous pow'rs
To tame these rebels went:
The third is thine, for the ordain'd
In which this war to end:
Go, then, and in thy Father's might
My charriot ascend,
And bring thou forth all of my war,
My bow and quiver too,
And my almighty arms gird on,
And these rebels pursue,
And drive them out from all Heav'n's bounds,
Into the place of sin:
There let them learn God to despise
And his annointed King.'
Here now the filial Godhead spake:
'O, thou Supreme of Heav'n,
Frst, highest, holiest, and best,
To whom be honors giv'n;
Thy Son thou seek'st to glorify
Always, I always thee,
And this I my glory account,
Let this my glory be;
But those thou hatest I hate too
And can thy terror assume,
As I thy mildness do, and drive
Those false unto their doom;
Then shall thy saints unmix'd with those
Circle thy holy throne,
And unfeign'd hallelujahs sing
While they in dungeons groan.'

So spake the Son, th' annointed King,
And girt his armor on;
From the right hand of glory rose
At the third sacred morn,
And ascended the charriot
'F paternal Deity,
And on his right hand eagle wing'd
Sat certain victory;
Beside him o'er his armor hung
His quiver and his bow
Which with three bolted thunder stor'd
Defi'd the haughty foe;
And with ten thousand thousand saints
Attended onward came.
And power divine prepar'd his way,
And the upright shout his name,
Them unexpected joy surpris'd,
Who first beheld his face.
At his command the hills retir'd
Each to his wonted place:
And now this saw his hapless foes
And to rebellious fight
Now rallied their insensate pow'rs,
Enraged at the sight:
When now th' annointed Son of God,
Amidst his potentates,
And all his hosts on either side
Thus to his legions spake:
'Stand still in bright array, ye saints;
Here stand ye angels bright,
For faithful hath your warfare been;
And pleasing in God's sight;

Number to this day's work 's not giv'n,
Stand only and behold
Great God's indignant wrath now pour'd
By me upon these bold.'
So said and on his impious foes
Drove gloomy as is night,
Where soon arriv'd and in his hand
Ten thousand thunders grip'd,
Which he before his face now sent
And fell'd whole squadrons down;
Nor one so hardy to oppose
Among their legions found:
Astonish'd quite, all courage lost,
And all resistance too,
And almost petrified with fear,
Away their weapons threw:
He over helms and helmed heads,
Thron'd seraphim and all,
Rode, who now wish'd the mountains might
Again upon them fall,
And hide them from his dreadful wrath.
Nor less on either side
His arrows in thick vollies fell
And spread the ruin wide,
And shot forth fire among th' accurs'd,
And withered all their hope,
And all their wonted vigor drain'd
And all their fury broke;
Yet half his strength he put not forth,
Though they so fiercely driv'n,
For he meant them not to destroy
But root them out of Heav'n,

So check'd his thunder in mid volley
And rais'd the overthrown,
And all before him, thunderstruck,
Drove fast together throng'd,
T' the bounds and crystal wall of Heav'n,
Which opening roll'd within,
And wide disclos'd the wasteful deep,
With all its horrors grim:
The sight struck them with horror back
Dejected and forlorn,
But far worse urged them from behind
And drove them lingering on:
Headlong now down themselves they threw,
Down from the heav'nly pitch;
Eternal wrath burnt after them
To the bottomless pit.
Hell heard the unsufferable noise,
And would have fled affraid,
Had not strict fate so permanent
Her deep foundations laid.
Down, down headlong nine days they fell;
Confounded chaos roar'd,
And felt the more confus'd as they
Through his dark region low'r'd.
Hell at last yawning receiv'd them,
And closed upon them fast;
Hell, their dark durance, fraught with wo,
And flames that ever last.
Disburden'd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon
Repair'd her mural breach,
Returning whence it roll'd, and high
Barr'd up their foul retreat.

Sole victor, the annointed King,
Turn'd his chariot about,
And all his saints to meet him came
And loud hosannahs shout,
And on triumphant through mid Heav'n
T' the Father and his throne
Rode, who receiv'd him into bliss
At his right hand his own.
Thus measuring things in Heav'n by things
On earth, at thy request,
And to thee have reveal'd them so
As might express them best;
And thou beware by what is past,
The discord which befell,
And war in Heav'n among those pow'rs,
And how those false deep fell,
Who with Satan too high aspir'd,
And wrought their overthrow,
Who now envies their happy state,
Now 'scaped his bounds of wo,
Who now is plotting how he may
Seduce thee to rebel,
That with him thou, bereav'd of bliss,
In endless wo might dwell;
But hearken not: thy weaker warn;
Lest she might first trespass:
Th-y might have stood, yet fell, mind thou
And fear then to transgress."
So spake the angel guest: nor more,
But up return'd to Heav'n
For now the sun far in the west
Sunk at th' approach of ev'n;

And Satan who so late had fled
Before the golden sign,
By Gabriel shown; fearless return'd
With envious design:
By night he fled, by night return'd
From compassing the globe
From sea to sea, and land to land,
And pole to pole he rode,
All countries o'er with narrow search
And with inspection deep
Consider'd every creature
That walk, or fly, or creep,
That which of all most opportune
Might serve his fraud to hide,
And found the serpent subtlest beast
Of all the field besides:
So after premature debate
Him, fittest imp, he chose,
For what of wit in him appears
But native cunning shows:
So now return'd at dead of night
To Eden's outward bound,
He found an unsuspected way,
A passage under ground:
Where Tigris sunk under the hill,
And part a fountain rose
Up in the midst of Paradise
And thro' its centre flows:
In with the river Satan sunk,
With it a rising mist
He rose, from Gabriel's eye so hid
Slow wander'd where he list;

And where to find the serpent sly
  Held on his midnight search;
Just like a thief that roams at night
  Some hoarded stores to lurch.
Now him fast sleeping soon he found
  Couch'd on the tender herb;
In at his mouth head first he crawl'd,
  But not his sleep disturb'd.
And now when light began to dawn
  O'er Eden's flow'ry plain,
And saw the earth with pearly gem,
  The human pair forth came,
And joined their worship to the choir
  Of creatures wanting voice;
This done partook their morning meal
  Of fruits and nectar choice;
Then how that day they best might ply
  Their growing work, communed;
For much their works their hands out grew
  And trees remain'd unprun'd;
And Eve thus to her husband first:
  'Well may we toil to tend
This garden, plant, and herb, and flow'r,
  And each assistance lend;
But still the work under our toil
  Grows luxurious, I find,
What we by day lop overgrown,
  Or prune, or prop, or bind,
One night or two with wanton growth
  Derides and spurns our care;
Thou therefore mayest now advise,
  Or my first thoughts may hear:

Let us divide our labors now;
Thou where thy choice leads thee,
Whether to tend thy plants, or wind
The woodbine round the tree;
While I in yonder roses find
What to redress till noon,
Or stay the islip's tender stalks
And tend its opening bloom;
For while so near to each all day
Our pleasant task we choose,
Looks often intervene and smiles,
And part our time we lose,
And our day's work too little brings,
Though early quite begun
And th' hour of supper comes unearn'd
Late at the setting sun."
Thus Eve, and Adam answer'd thus:
"For Eve, dear consort still,
Full well hast thou thy thoughts employ'd,
How we may best fulfill
The work which God hath us assign'd,
Nor pass unpraised of me;
For nothing can in woman-kind
More lovely, frugal be
Than her study of household good,
And good works in her mate,
Her husband's wealfare to promote
And part his cares to take:
Yet not so strict hath God impos'd
Labor as to prevent
Our fill of love, or times between
In conversation spent,

But thou know'st what has been warn'd us,
What a malicious foe
Envies our bliss, despair'd of his,
And seeks to work us wo,
And somewhere nigh at hand, no doubt,
Watches with greedy hope
To find us separate; shy foe
Of whom the angel spake:
His harm I fear on the alone,
If far sever'd from me,
Less likely if both join'd it is
We shall assaulted be."
To whom fair Eve as one who loves
And some unkindness meets,
With sweet austere composure thus
Unto her husband speaks:
"That such an enemy we have
Who seeks us to undo,
I by thee inform'd learn
And by the angel too:
But that thou should'st my firmness doubt,
Firmness to God or thee
Because we have a foe to tempt,
I never thought would be."
To whom with healing words again
Adam to her repli'd:
"Daughter of God and man, fairest
Of all his works besides,
Not jealous of thy firmness, I
Dissuade thee not to go
But to avoid th' attempt itself
Intended by our foe;

No doubt if he thee first should tempt,
Thou wouldst thyself with scorn
And anger just towards the foe
Resent the offer'd wrong;
But still thou wouldst dishonor'd be,
Tho' tempted were in vain
And incorruptible of faith,
And free from a worse shame;
Misdeem not then, if such offence
I labor to avert
From thee; but if together both,
The foe seek to pervert,
First on me th' assult shall light,
Nor thou his guile contemn,
Nor think superfluous my aid,
Nor my advice condemn."
This said in matrimonial love,
But Eve of him who view'd
Less attributed to her faith,
Her accents sweet renew'd:
"If this our lot to dwell hedg'd in
And straighten'd by a foe
And not endur'd with like defence,
Who can be happy so,
Still in fear of hidden harm?
But harm preceds not sin:
Only our foe tempting affronts
Us with his foul esteem,
Which no dishonor sticks on us,
But turns foul on himself:
Then wherefore shun'd by us, or fear'd,
This subtle, envious elf."

To whom Adam again repli'd:
" Best are all things, O thou my bride,
Made as the will of God ordain'd,
And naught imperfect can be nam'd
Of all he made, and much less man,
Nor aught him can secure, nor can
He e'er receive against his will
Harm from an outward force or ill;
The danger lies himself within,
Yet lies within his pow'r, and sin:
And unrestrain'd in will is he,
For what obeys reason is free,
And reason God made right and fair,
But bade erect and well beware,
Lest by some fair good appearing
Surpris'd she dictate false and erring,
And misinform the will to deeds
That God expressly us forbids.
Then not mistrust, but tender love,
Love not the least gift from above,
Enjoins that oft I should mind thee,
But thou, fair Eve, oftener mind me.
Tho' firm we now subsist 'tis true,
Yet possible to swerve 'tis too;
Since reason possibly may meet
Some specious thing design'd to cheat,
And unawares fall into wrong,
Not keeping watch as she was warn'd;
Seek not temptation then abroad,
Which were better for thee t' avoid,
And if thou sever not from me,
Trial will come unsought of thee.

Would'st thou approve thy constancy,
Prove thy obed'ence first to me;
Who'll know how thou wilt stand the test,
None seeing thee, who can attest?
But if thou think trial may find
Us both from harm securer than
Thus warn'd thou seem'st, go, for thy stay,
Not free, absents the more away."
So spake the patr'arch to his bride;
But she persisting thus repli'd:
"With thy permission then I go,
Nor much expect so proud a foe,
So bent, will first the weaker seek,
The more shall shame him his retreat."
This said her hand from his she took,
And to the groves herself betook;
Light like a woodnimph o'er the plain;
Dryad, or one of Delia's train:
But Delia's self surpass'd in gait,
And goddess-like deport and trait.
Her long with ardent looks his sight
Pursu'd her parting with delight,
But ardent more desired her stay,
For long alone he deem'd the day:
Oft he to her his charge enjoined,
That she by noon should be return'd,
And she to him as oft repli'd
She would return at high noon-tide,
And 'mid the bow'r all things enclose
For noon repast or sweet repose:
O much deceiv'd, much failing one,
O Eve, of thy presumed return!

Thou never, never from that hour
Found'st sweet repast under thy bow'r,
Such hellish rancour imminent
In ambush lay so fully bent
To end at once thy happiness,
Or send thee back despoil'd of bliss.
For now and since first break of dawn
The fiend, mere serpent in his form,
Forthwith was come and on his guest,
Where likeliest he might find the blest;
In whom center'd the fate of all,
With him to stand or him to fall;
Not that he was the first e'er made,
Be that, or not, as Moses laid,
Was something more, aye, was ordain'd
Head of a clover seed, and nam'd
High-priest to keep one law for all,
Free of himself to stand or fall.
So christians now centre and hang
On him who died for sinful man:
And now began a devious walk,
By grove or fount both them he sought,
But wish'd he might find Eve alone,
But without hope, as seldom known,
When to his wish and more he sees
Eve separate thro, spicy trees,
Veil'd in a cloud of fragrancies
Roses and balm, and od'rous leaves,
Which drooping, she with fost'ring hand
Gently upstays with myrtle band,
Mindless herself at this sad hour,
Though fairest unsupported flow'r,

So far away from her best prop,
And storm so nigh she little though,
Now nearer the shy snake approach'd,
And on the haunts of bliss encroach'd,
Sometimes hid and sometimes seen
Slow winding through the thicket green,
Adorn'd with flow'rs of ev'ry hue,
Sky tinctur'd, red, and azure blue;
Much as he view'd these beauties o'er
Admir'd the place, the person more.
As one who long in city pent,
Where dirty streets and no sweet scent;
Forth issuing on a summers morn,
To breathe the fragrance of the lawn,
Snuffs the sweet odours morning yields
From dewy meads and flow'ry fields:
From each thing met conceives delight,
The growing grain and grass due bright,
Such pleasure did the snake conceive
Here at the sweet recess of Eve;
And towards her soon his way he found,
But not with wave prone on the ground,
But on his rear circular base
Of rising folds his motion grac'd,
Tower'd fold 'bove fold a surging maze;
His head aloft as beasts that graze.
Now fraught, deep fraught with glaring lies,
Crested, and carbuncle his eyes,
And burnish'd neck of verdant gold
Erect amidst his circling fold:
Pleasing and lovely was his shape,
But never since of grov'ling snake.

With track oblique at first he shear'd
As one who sought access, but fear'd
To interrupt, side-long his way
He work'd with care, though blithe and ga
As when a ship nigh river's mouth,
By skillful steersman, north or south,
Or east or west, if oft wind veers,
Oft shifts her sails and diff'rent steers:
So varies he with graceful ease,
Curl'd many a wreath in sight of Eve,
To lure her eyes, she busy heard
The sound of beast, or leaf, or bird,
But minded not, as used was she
Of such desport of brute to see:
He bolder now before her face
Uncall'd came with a curly face,
But as admiring stood in gaze,
And dumb express his silent praise,
And oft he bow'd his turret crest
And sleek enamel'd neck and breast;
And lick'd the ground whereon she trod,
Fawning, and bow'd with grazeful nod:
His dumb expression turn'd 'way
The eye of Eve to mark his play;
He glad of her attention gain'd,
With serpent tongue his speech thus fram'd:
"Wonder not sovereign mistree dear,
If I uncall'd approach thee near,
And on thy charms insatiate gaze,
Who art alone sole wonder rais'd
And fairest image of divine,
Of beauty all the chiefest thine,

All living things upon thee gaze
And various attest thy praise;
But here in this enclosure crude,
These beasts among beholden rude,
Discern but half what 's fair in thee,
One man except, (and what is he?)
Who a fair goddess should be prais'd,
Ador'd, and serv'd, a goddess rais'd."
So gloz'd the tempter, subtle snake;
And thus fair Eve in answer spake:
"Language of man pronounc'd by brute!
What may this mean? I thought thee mute,
And human sense express'd besides:
The first of these I thought deni'd
To beasts, for God I thought them all
Created mute both great and small;
The latter I demur, for in
Their looks much plain is seen,
And in their actions oft appear
That which to reason borders near,
Thee subtlest beast of all that graze,
I knew, but not with voice of praise,
Redouble then this miracle,
And say, how came thou speakable,
And how to me so friendly grown
'Bove other beasts that idly roam:
Say, serpent, for such wonder claims
Attention due, and search with pains."
To whom the guileful snake repli'd.
"Empress of this fair world and pride,
Resplendent Eve, easy to me
At thy command, to answer thee,

And right thou shouldst be obey'd,
As universal mistress made:
I was at first as other herds
That past'ring grazes the trodden herbs,
Of abject thought, and low, and mean,
As was my food of things unclean,
For sect, nor aught but food discern'd,
And nothing high knew not or learn'd:
Till on a day roving I see,
Not distant far, a goodly tree,
Pleasing and lovely to behold,
Loaded with fruit of ruddy gold:
I nearer drew to gaze alone,
When from the boughs an odour blown,
Grateful to smell, so pleas'd my sense
More than of fruits from that time hence;
To satisfy the sharp desire
I had to taste those apples fair,
Hunger and thirst at once urg'd on,
Powerful persuades each and strong:
I long resolv'd not to delay,
But soon my appetite ally,
About the mossy trunk I wound
Me soon, for high above the ground,
As to require, the branches grew,
Thy utmost reach or Adam's too.
All other beasts about the tree
Now stood and look'd and envi'd me
My happiness, and mine they seek,
But was so high they could not reach:
Amid the loaded tree now got,
Where plenty hung, began to crop,

And ease its load and eat my fill
Which as I eat seem'd sweeter still,
Sated at length, ere long I found
Strange alteration; reason sound
Now modeled all my pow'rs, and speech
Wanted not long, though this shake keep.
Thenceforth to speculations high
I turn'd my thoughts, and'gan to pry
Into all things, wond'rously sage,
Effects and causes too I weigh'd."
So talk'd the snake, subtle and sly,
To whom thus Eve made this reply:
"Thy overpraising leaves in doubt
The virtues of that wond'rous fruit,
In thee, serpent, first prov'd; but say, [way?
Where grows that tree, from hence which
For many are the trees of God
That grow in Paradise abroad,
And various, and yet unknown,
Our choice in such abundance thrown."
To whom the adder glad and gay:
"Empress, quite ready is the way,
Beyond a row of myrtle trees,
If thou except, I can with ease
Conduct thee through the flow'ry way,
By balm and spice, and roses gay."
"Lead then," said Eve, "to that fair tree."
So leading swiftly rolled he
And made intricate seem quite straight,
To mischief swift, her hapless fate.
As when an ignis-fatuus bright
Misleads the traveller at night,

(Which oft they say some fiend attends,)
Through wat'ry pools, and bogs, and fens:
Thus Eve was led by that arch foe,
On to the tree, root of our wo;
Which when she saw, as oft she'd done,
Thus to her guide again begun:
"We might have spar'd our coming here,
Fruitless to me and thee, I fear,
Though fruit there 's much and to excess,
The credit of whose virtues rests
With thee alone, wond'rous indeed,
If causes such effect with speed:
But of this tree we may not eat,
Is our command ever to keep."
"Indeed!" said then the subtle cheat:
"Hath God then said that of the fruit
Of all the trees, ye shall not eat,
Yet lords declar'd of branch and root?"
To whom thus Eve from sin free:
"Of all the fruit we freely eat
But of the fruits of this fair tree:
Sole law of God we have to keep,
Who said ye shall not of it taste,
Nor shall ye touch it lest ye die;
Nor do we need, since fruit to waste
Grows more than serves us to supply."
This said, the tempter thus again:
"Queen of this ample universe,
Ye shall not die I tell ye plain
Mind not those threats nor heed that curse,
You life instead of death it gives,
True life I say and knowledge more;

See me who ate, and yet who lives,
With sense of man, yet brute before;
And shall the fruit of this fair tree
Be here prohibited from man,
And yet, by God, to brute left free,
And ye, yet, lords of all the land?
Or will God more his ire incense,
For such a paltry, petty crime
Than overpraise your virtue dauntless;
So heighten'd by this fruit divine?
Why was this tree to forbid,
But keep you ignorant and low,
And God-like knowledge from you hid;
His servile worshippers below?
He cannot hurt you and be just;
And if not just, no God can be,
Nor should ye fear, nor in him trust;
Nor him obey; but always free.
He knows that when ye eat of this,
Your eyes shall then more clearly see,
And be as God, enthron'd in bliss,
And good and evil know as he:
Shall be as God, since I as man
Internal, since of this I ate;
And die perhaps no other than
For Gods' to change thy mortal state.
Can it be sin evil to know,
Since if but known, more easy shunn'd?
Good, since from thence true virtues flow,
And but for this, to evil turn'd?
So thou, fair Eve, by this mayst see
Thy notions, ignorant and weak,
Concerning God and this fair tree,

And to be wise, is but to eat."
At these fair words, so seem'd sincere,
Pronounc'd, pretending low to man;
Eve ready turn'd a listening ear,
And thus soon to herself began:
"O sacred wisdom-giving tree,
Whose fruit too long forborne to taste,
Till now thy power benign I see,
Too precious hold thy fruit to waste:
Able to make us gods as wise,
As well as man of serpent make,
And teach our minds from earth to rise
To Heav'n and bliss of Gods partake."
So saying, of the fruit partook
Of that sacred forbidden tree;
And Earth from her own centre shook
In signs of wo and agony.
Back slunk the subtle, guilty snake
Into a shady thicket brown,
While Eve continued to partake,
And swallow death and mis'ry down;
But knew not eating death, still ate,
And musing on diviner things,
Fancied, within, her changing state,
Young deity and breeding wings.
Sated at length, began to muse
Upon the virtues of that tree,
Whose fruit divine within diffus'd,
As she suppos'd, true deity;
And now to Adam how appear,
Whether make known her change, or keep
The odds within her power; but fear

That she some specious ill might meet,
Or threaten'd death, as God had said,
And Adam, 'f all from him were hid,
While she no more, extinct and dead,
Would wedded be t' another rib,
Urg'd her t' impart the same to him,
That equal lot might both befall,
Either to soar with angel wing,
Or prey to death and mis'ry fall.
Thus musing, from that loaded tree
A bough of fairest, ruddiest fruit
Pluck'd, smelling sweet and savory,
And back herself t' the bow'r betook;
Where Adam, waiting her return,
Impatient grew at her delay,
And anxious now the cause to learn,
Bent thitherward his way;
And soon returning, Eve he met,
Bearing her deadly, tempting bait;
Which viewing, he with trembling step
Advanc'd to her, but O, too late;
The fatal trespass now was done;
Tho' he had warn'd her well so late;
With anguish now his bosom wrung
For what he feared of her sad fate.
While Eve unheeding all the while,
Such fancied bliss within her ran,
To Adam blithe and with a smile,
And him embracing, thus began:
"O Adam, this is not that tree,
As we have hitherto been told,
The tree of death or misery;

For he, the serpent, wise and bold,
First ate, nor dies, but yet he lives,
And thence both speech and reason gain'd;
For it true life and wisdom gives;
The tree of knowledge rightly nam'd:
He ate, argues and reasons well,
And yet before unconscious brute,
And now God's love and laws can tell,
And speak his praise with tongue once mute.
He told me all its real worth,
Our need, and why to us forbid;
To keep us low, grov'ling on earth,
While we might rise to Heav'n, indeed.
And I too have both cropt and ate,
So reasonable it seem'd to me,
And that we both may'st 'joy like fate,
Mindful, cropp'd this fair bough for thee;
That thou with me mightst share in bliss,
Or both together undergo
Like doom, that death, if death for this,
But that I doubt, yea, almost know:
Lest I, partaking, soon should be
Transform'd and wing'd a goddess bright;
And thus super, or rais'd, leave thee
Forlorn, and soar beyond thy sight;
While thou too late thy error rue,
And mourn my loss and none t' repair;
And I look down with scorn and view
You low beneath me, goddess fair."
She said, but lo, distemper foul,
Already, flash'd upon her cheek:
As 'fore a storm light tempests scowl
And am'rous clouds run light and fleet;

So Eve, who late in innocence glow'd,
With ev'ry native charm array'd,
And naught but virtue sole her robe;
Now guilty, swift began to fade.
Adam, amaz'd and thunder-struck!
Stood fast in gorgon terrors chain'd;
Trembling and pale with horror, such
As ne'er by tongue or pen since nam'd:
But yet recov'ring soon resolv'd
With her to undergo like doom:
As one in vice oft more involve,
And give to reason little room.
So, taking from her hand the bough,
Began to ease its load and eat;
And Earth again trembled; for now
Their transgression was made complete;
And much they joy'd in this new fruit,
So long through fear of death abstain'd;
Regretting that they'd not partook
Before, and thence true knowledge gain'd.
But soon after their feast was o'er,
(What strange effect!) as strange as new,
And what they little thought before;
They now each other naked view;
And Shame, a thing unknown before,
Cover'd those parts that virtue hid;
Yet hid them not; but only more
Disclos'd, uncomely quite indeed.
So in sad plight they pluck broad leaves,
And with rude art together sew
And make them aprons from such trees
As Bannyans now in India grow:

So since their race more vicious grown,
As wont to hide their shame and sin,
Patch up a garment of their own;
If not of leaves, yet quite as thin.
Mean while, as conscious of their crime,
Their hearts divin'd of something ill;
Nor of all Eden could they find
What would this aching void now fill.
In vain each wonted charm they tried,
This void of peace to fill;
Each wonted charm as oft denied
The passions' rising storm to still:
In vain they tried with subtle art
To soothe this sin-bred stranger, wo;
But grief had fasten'd to the heart,
And floods of tears began to flow:
So in sad plight they sit them down,
And gave full vent to swelling grief,
'Midst all the sweets in Eden found,
But yet from none could find relief.
Now this deed had th' Almighty known,
Who, just, his promise to fulfill,
From 'midst bright angels round his throne,
Who stand and wait his sovereign will,
Call'd forth his Son to judge the race
Who late had brok'n command divine;
Yet mingle justice so with grace
As best might prove when best combin'd.
Nor long delay'd the filial Son,
But from th' empyrean realms of light,
Fraught with our curse descending come,
And walk'd in Eden ere dim night;

Yet at th' approach of cooler hours,
And call'd to Adam 'midst the groves,
Who, oft from heat among the bow'rs,
Sought sweet refreshment and repose.
His voice he heard and was afraid;
So hid with Eve in thicket brown,
And vainly thought amid the shades,
To hide them from Jehovah's frown.
For now in sin they hid that face
From whom they lov'd before, who now
With judgment just, and yet with grace,
Began: "O, Adam, where art thou?"
To whom the sinful man replied:
"I heard thy voice and was afraid,
And naked too, I turn'd to hide,
And sought a robe, the verdant shade."
"Who told thee so!" the Lord replied;
"Hast thy my law then disobey'd,
And that sole fruit forbidden tried,
And thence of me become afraid?"
He now in guilt to him replies,
Falt'ring, but yet with honesty:
"The woman thought to be more wise,
So ate of that forbidden tree;
And gave to me and I did eat
Part of the fruit of that same tree,
And found my nakedness complete,
And thought thy presence good to flee."
Then to the guilty woman, turn'd
The Lord, and to her thus begun,
Without preface of logic learn'd:
"What is this, woman, that thou hast done?"

To whom, abash'd and falt'ring, Eve :
" The Serpent, subtlest of the field,
Affecting friendship, me deceiv'd,
Press'd me to eat, and I did yield."
Then to the snake : " Thou curs'd shalt be
'Bove beasts in grassy field ;
Between the woman, Eve, and thee,
Till time itself shall yield,
I will, indeed, put enmity ;
And 'twixt her seed and thine
A constant warfare e'er shall be
Unto the end of time :
And thou my dreadful wrath shalt feel,
Thou most deceitful demon,
'Twill bruise thy head but thou his heel,
For thou'd'st deceive the woman.
I will deprive thee of thy meat ;
Nor shalt as usual walk,
Eat dust, and on thy belly creep,
And never more shalt talk."
Then thus on Eve, the next in sin,
This dreadful curse he lays :
" Children with pain thou e'er shalt bring
And sorrow all thy days ;
And thou shalt e'er thy husband serve,
Be thy desire to him,
Nor from his mandates shalt thou swerve :
Thou led him first to sin."
Next, to the man the Lord God said :
" By the sweat of thy brow,
And labour grievous, earn thy bread
With sickle, scythe, and plough.

Curs'd, for thee, shall be the earth,
And for thy sake 'tis curs'd;
Thou every year shalt till the turf,
Till thou return to dust;
For from the earth I took thee out,
Thou to it must return;
While rolling years I bring about,
Thy food by labour earn.
Briars and thorns th' earth shall produce;
Nor food spontaneously;
But this for man and cattle's use
Must first be rais'd by thee."
Then pitying how they naked stood
Unrob'd but shame and sin;
Taking the form of servant good,
Clothed the in robes of skin:
So since our nakedness within
He clothes with righteousness,
And in his body bears our sins
And opes a door of bliss.
This done, up and resum'd his seat
And told, tho' all was known,
Yet mixed with intermission sweet
Before his father's throne.
Who to the shining hosts 'gan thus,
Concerning things below:
"Behold the man as one of us
Doth good and evil know;
Lest now he eat 'f the tree of life,
And life eternal gain,
Must be expell'd from Paradise
To cultivate the plain.

Go, Michael, chief of angels fair,
My flaming warriors take,
Drive out in haste the sinful pair,
Who sinn'd so bold of late."
Who quick obey'd the summons high,
And down to Eden sped;
For quick indeed can angels fly
Through ether fields outspread:
And his sad task as soon began,
With consolation mix'd,
That tho' he died might live again
In his own second fix'd.
"Ye must depart with speed," said he;
"And earn thy food with toil;
But in that cov'nant made with thee,
Shalt find true bliss unsoil'd.
Then round the tree of life he plac'd
In guard, cherubic fires,
High flaming round and all ways faced
In constant waving spires:
Then once again the cov'nant nam'd
Their grief to mitigate;
Then seiz'd them by the hand and aim'd
Direct to th' eastern gate,
And led them down loath to the plain,
A prospect wild, unclear'd;
Yet lingering on urg'd them amain,
Then sudden disappear'd.
They looking back in tears beheld
Eden o'erwav'd with flame:
With hearts with grief and anguish swell'd,
Oft look'd, and sigh'd again.

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